

LINCOLN IN NEW SALEM

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NEW SALEM

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Illinois New Salem

Lincoln in New Salem

Excerpts from newspapers and other sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

His First Love.

How Its Bitter Ending Drove Lincoln to Temporary Madness.

Stories of the Martyred President's Life at New Salem—His Friendship With the "Cleary Gang," and How It Was Formed—A Friend and Protector to Every Weakling in the Village, Was "Honest Abe."

Editor Oct 13, 1899

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The reader of Lincoln history is acquainted with New Salem, the village in Menard county, where Lincoln passed a few years of his early manhood. It has a place in history only in connection with Lincoln's life. It was where his character formed and grew. Like Jesus in the wilderness, it was where he learned the truth. It flourished while he lived with it. It died when he left it. Not a trace of its buildings remain. The dusty highway which led to it was years ago overgrown with grass. It is now but a Lincoln memory.

On the brow of the high bluff overlooking the Sangamon River, where the village stood, there is a depression in the sod, which marks the site of the Offut grocery. It was here that Lincoln clerked. It was here he read law and studied grammar, and from the door watched Anne Rutledge drawing water from the well. From the center of this depression there grows

A DOUBLE TREE

—an elm and a sycamore, springing apparently from a common stump and root. A few inches above the ground they separate, the sycamore inclining at a slight angle to the south, the elm to the north. The line of separation of the two trunks is marked by a faint seam in the bark, but apparently the trunks form two main branches of a single tree. Some years ago a local artist carved on the trunk of the southern tree the face of Lincoln in bas-relief. It is an artistic bit of work, and the likeness is remarkable. It has grown and enlarged with the tree, and is now about fifteen feet above the ground.

Lincoln's life in Salem began in August, 1831. He was then twenty-two years of age. He was six feet four inches in height, and he weighed 214 pounds. His face had none of the characteristic lines so well known in his latter-day pictures. It was fresh, eager and boyish. The sad mouth that we know so well was then soft and affectionate, the lips full and almost pouting. At this time there was sixteen principal houses in the village, nearly all of logs, in Main street, which was

THE ONLY STREET.

It was the postoffice, the grist mill and supply depot for the few farmers within a radius of ten miles.

Among these were the members of the "Cleary Grove gang," as tough and reckless a crowd as any new country ever boasted. The "gang" included "Bill" and "Zack" Cleary, "Jack" Rial and Hugh Armstrong, Henry and Merl McHenry, "Pot" Greene, and, possibly, John Potter. They were big, strong men, full of what they call fun, but when they were inclined to be playful, an equal number of grizzly bears would have hesitated about joining in their gambols. Other Salem characters who figure in Lincoln history were Samuel Hill, the storekeeper, William G. Greene, Bowlin Greene, the justice of the peace, "Bill" Berry, the gambler, "Uncle" George Kirby, and "Aunt Sallie" Mullins.

The only surviving Salemites of Lincoln's generation are John Potter and George Kirby. The latter was born in Madison county, Ill., in 1812. He has lived on the farm near Petersburg for seventy-five years, and he

KNOW LINCOLN WELL

during his life at Salem. He says he knew him as a lazy, shiftless adventurer, working at odd jobs of manual labor for a bare living; a failure as a storekeeper or a clerk, forever wasting his time reading books, and an associate of the Cleary Grove boys. Kirby played "seven up" with Lincoln for drinks. He saw him wrestle with "Jack" Armstrong. He saw him lift a barrel of whisky with his hands and take a mouthful of the liquor from the bung. He heard him tell the stories which pleased the boys, and he heard him talk politics, which Kirby disliked. Yet, there was something of the man's greatness, even at this period of his life, which made itself felt, and which left even Kirby in doubt.

"I never liked Abe much," says the old man. "I never thought he amounted to much. I was against him in politics and always voted against him, but somehow or other 'Abe' always struck me as being an uncommon man—a very uncommon man."

Offut established the grocery in Salem in the fall of 1831, and hired Lincoln as his clerk. His duties were much in the line of those of

THE MODERN BARKEEPER,

for one of the staples of the grocery was whisky, and the Cleary Grove boys were liberal patrons of the bar. They regarded the new clerk with much curiosity, and they evidently considered him "something easy," for on their Saturday night hurrahs they continued to "pick" on him, in an endeavor to draw him out. Lincoln, always polite, as well as good-natured, avoided trouble with them until his employer and admirer, Offut, took up his cause, and offered to bet \$5 that Lincoln could throw any man in the "gang." "Old Billy" Cleary at once accepted this wager, and named "Jack" Armstrong as his champion. The match was held on the ground near the grocery, and was of the "side-holts" style. This match has become historic, but

the historians universally give Lincoln the credit of winning it. Even Mr. Herndon, scrupulously impartial in his statements, leaves the impression that Lincoln is the victor. He disposes of the incident by saying that Lincoln, "enraged" by the taunts of the crowd,

LIFTED HIS MAN

from the ground and "shook him like a rag." Uncle George Kirby was a spectator, and he says Armstrong threw Lincoln "square on his back." He adds that the result was no discredit to Lincoln, for "Armstrong was the best made man that ever lived, and 'Bill' Greene always said so."

From Mr. Kirby's account, the bout was long and stubbornly contested. To the surprise of Armstrong and his friends, Lincoln soon demonstrated that he was the stronger man, but his strength did not avail against Arm-

strong's skill. He would lift Armstrong from the ground by sheer strength and shake him, but he was unable to put him off his feet. The crisis came with Lincoln breaking his back hold, when Armstrong tripped him and threw him. In his defeat he won the greater victory. He had conducted himself with such manliness and good humor, and had shown himself such a terror of strength, that from that hour every member of the "gang" was his friend and admirer, nor did Armstrong ever offer to wrestle with him again. He became their adviser and the arbitrator of all their difficulties. With them there was no appeal from his judgment. His honesty and equity were unquestioned. He was the incarnation of

A "SQUARE DEAL."

When the "gang" one Saturday night found "Old Jimmy" Jordan in a drunken sleep and put him into a sugar hogshead, with the intention of rolling him down the bluff, it was Lincoln who rescued him. No other man could have so interfered with their fun. When the "gang" enlisted in a body to go to the Black Hawk war, they took Lincoln as their captain, and

no honor that he ever afterward received gave him more pleasure. When, during their campaign, they captured an old Indian who had wandered into the camp, and were about to kill him, on the score that their business just then was killing Indians, Lincoln saved his life. When Henry Clark won \$5 from "Billy" Greene at "seven-up" in the grocery Lincoln noticed that Clark cheated at the game. He called Greene outside the house, and explained to him how he could win back the money. Greene returned to the grocery and made a bet with Clark that Lincoln could lift a barrel of whisky, and, while holding it in his hands, drink from the bung-hole. Lincoln

PERFORMED THE FEAT,

and evened the score between the two men. Uncle George Kirby witnessed this. He says Lincoln placed himself on his knees by the barrel, seized it by the chime, and rolled it upon his legs. He then rose to his feet, in a stooping posture, and supporting the barrel on his knees, he took a mouthful of the liquor and spit it out. He never drank liquor nor used tobacco.

Stories illustrating his fairness, his honesty, his sense of right and justice to all things living, are as plentiful as the hours of his life. Absolute equity was the inspiration of his being. In his soul the mother of Nancy Hanks cried out continually for justice. He granted life, liberty, and happiness to every living creature. The sufferings of a bird

or the distress of a mother equally called forth his sympathy and help. In his melancholy wanderings through the Sangamon woods he would rescue a squealing pig from the mire of a slough, or return a fallen fledgling to its nest. The village babies came to know the touch of his strong hands, and the little children

CLUNG TO HIS KNEES.

Little Jack Armstrong, nephew of the wrestler, was hushed to sleep many an evening in Lincoln's arms, to the music of "Poor Old Maids," the only song Lincoln was ever known to sing in Salem. Little Jack Armstrong, now past fifty years, still lives near Salem, but alas! he does not know the air nor the words of "Poor Old Maids."

When and how Lincoln met Anne Rutledge is not known, but the period of his first great happiness and sorrow closed in 1835, when he was clerking with Green in the grocery. He boarded at the hotel kept at that time by Anne Rutledge's father. Rutledge came to Salem from Kentucky in 1829 and helped build the first mill. Anne was one of three children born in Kentucky. Seven more were born in Salem. She was a beautiful girl, buxom and strong. Her skin was waxen white, her eyes were deep blue, her hair red brown. She was tender, gentle, and lovable, and even Aunt Sallie Mullins, who seemed

to love nobody, spoke kindly of Anne. She was so sweet-tempered and helpful, industrious at her household duties, and motherly to the swarm

OF LITTLE RUTLEDGES.

The story of Anne's engagement to marry John McNamara, alias McNeil, has been told by Mr. Herndon. Why McNamara assumed a false name when he came to Salem was never known. It appeared finally that he was an honest man and honorable. He loved Anne and was true to his promise to marry her. He had confessed his true name to her after their engagement, and in order to put himself right before her he returned to his home in the East, promising to come back by a certain time and to bring his parents with him. He did return to Salem, but through mishaps and delays long after the time fixed. He found his sweetheart in her grave, and his rival, Lincoln, insane.

It was during McNamara's absence that Lincoln met Anne and loved her. That he loved her with all the strength of his great soul, and that she loved him deeply, truly, the pitiable end attested. He could not ask her to marry him. She was pledged to another, and he could not allow her to break that pledge. Her simple heart was wrung with the knowledge that she had promised to marry a man she did not love, and that she loved a man who might never be a husband. There was a time when they were

HAPPY IN THEIR LOVE

and took long walks together in the evening along the high bluff of the river's shore, and Anne was cheery at her work, and Lincoln forgot his book and stood in the doorway of the grocery, looking toward the hotel. He was waiting for Anne to come to the well, when he would meet her and draw the water for her, and carry the bucket to the kitchen door.

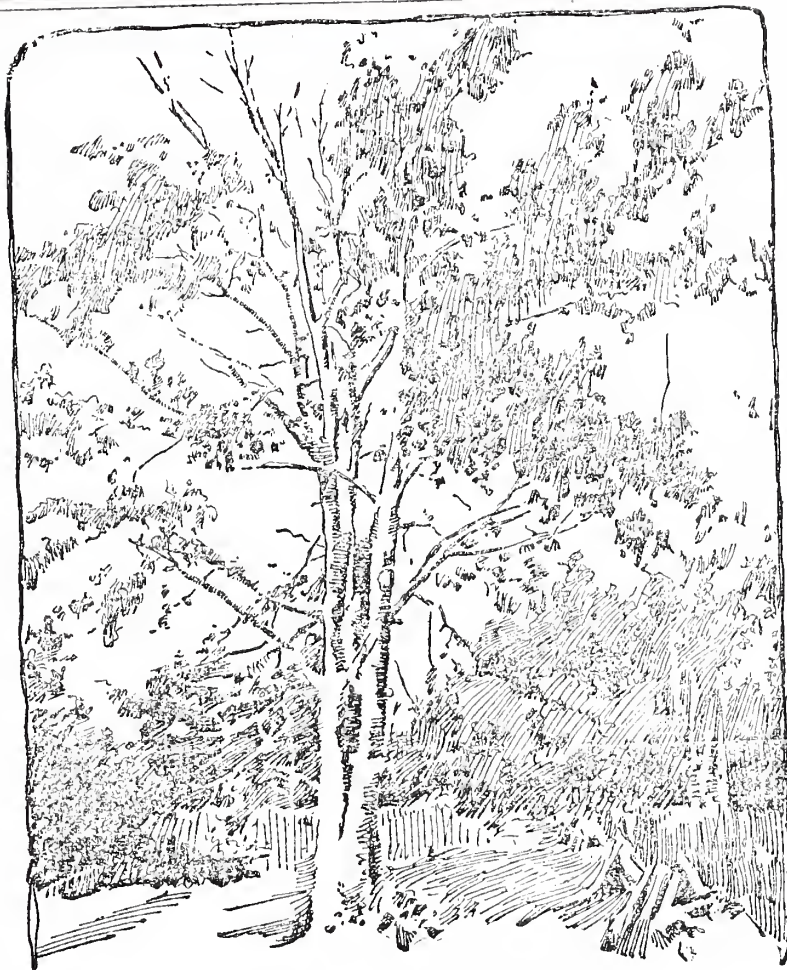
This was before the time set by McNamara for his return. Undoubtedly, Anne had agreed to tell McNamara of her love for Lincoln, and to ask for her release. The time for his return came and passed. The weeks dragged on and the lovers looked into each other's eyes and read what they believed to be the truth—McNamara would never come back. Anne would never be released from her promise. In the sight of her God she was the wife of the absent man, and she and her lover must go their ways alone. A great melancholy came over Lincoln, as he saw his love escaping from his arms—a melancholy that never left him, and that came often in the weary after years to overspread and crush him. And poor Anne Rutledge, simple hearted, tender girl, could not long withstand the contagion of his mood. Struggling with love and

DUTY AND DESPAIR,

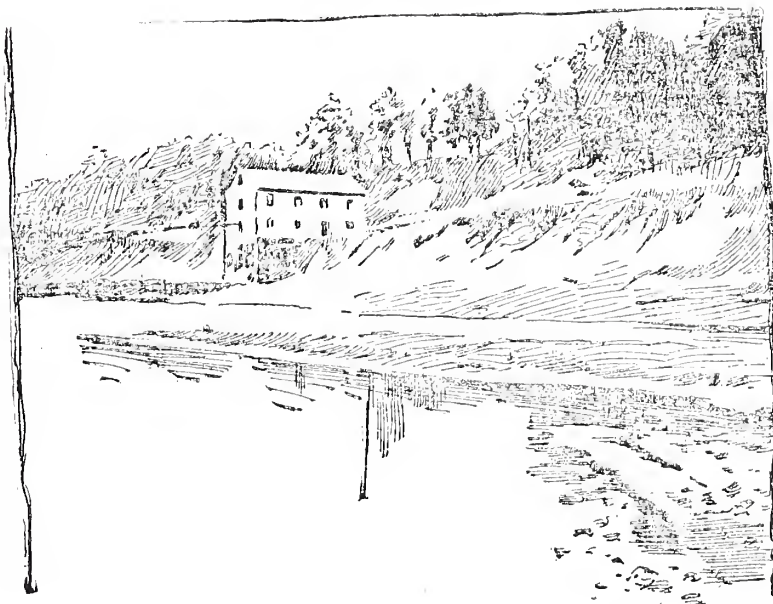
she withered and sickened, and in August, 1835, she died. She was buried in the old Concord churchyard, and Lincoln, a manman, followed her to her grave.

There is no doubt of Lincoln's insanity over the death of his sweetheart. For weeks his friends watched him closely, and for a time he was confined in the house of Bowlin Greene, William Greene, Lincoln's closest friend in Salem, first told me, in 1887, of Lincoln's insanity. "Long after Anne died," said "Uncle Billy," "Abe and I would be alone, perhaps, in the grocery, on a rainy night, and Abe would set there, his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands, the tears dropping through his fingers. I would say to him, 'Abe, don't cry. It hurts me.' And he would look up at me with his streaming eyes and say, 'I can't help it, Bill; the rain is falling on her.'"

Aunt Sallie Mullins, two years younger than Lincoln, who knew him during his life at Salem, says he went "plum crazy" after Anne's death. "Abe showed he thought a mighty sight of Anne," said Aunt Sallie. "He took 'on awful when she died and went plum crazy. Why, many a time, when I've been going to mill or grocery in Salem, I've met Abe wanderin' 'round in the woods, trying to get the hypo offen



THE LINCOLN DOUBLE TREE.



THE SALEM MILL 25 YEARS AGO.

WHERE LINCOLN LIVED

Old Salem Chautauqua Is Within
Sight of His Home.

AUDITORIUM BUILT

Assembly Building Has a Seating
Capacity of 5,000.

This Year's Session, Which Will Begin
Aug. 11, Presents a Notable
Programme.

Special Correspondence of The Inter Ocean.

PETERSBURG, Ill., Aug. 5.—But twenty miles from Oak Ridge cemetery, where the remains of Abraham Lincoln rest beneath the obelisk erected by a loving people, is another monument erected to his memory. New Salem was the scene of his early life, his

close to the people," were voted by all who attended the meetings of last year.

The very atmosphere at Old Salem is fraught with memories of Mr. Lincoln. The grounds of the Chautauqua are situated on the banks of the Sangamon, and just across the river from where the village of New Salem stood. They are but little more than a mile from Petersburg, and are in touch with the world by railroad trains every fifteen minutes, and by telegraph and telephone lines, as well as by river and wagon roads. Steam launches and rowboats ply the river below the point where the mill race once ran which turned the water into the mill at New Salem. The old mill is gone, and but three of the posts remain from its foundation to mark the place where once it stood. The dam is all but washed away; yet enough still stands to show its former place. Along the bluff the road passes just above where the mill stood, and from which the grists were carried to the upper story of the mill, to save elevating.

Where New Salem Stood.

Above this road stood New Salem, at one time the most prosperous village in Central Illinois. Nothing but the depressions for the cellars remain. One of these is pointed out as the site of Offut's store, where Lincoln clerked. Beside it stands three trees—a locust, an elm, and a sycamore. Of these, the elm and the sycamore grew from the same roots, while the thorn tree is joined so closely to them that the three seem as one. The elm is now dead, but its shattered trunk still stands, and the owners of the ground are



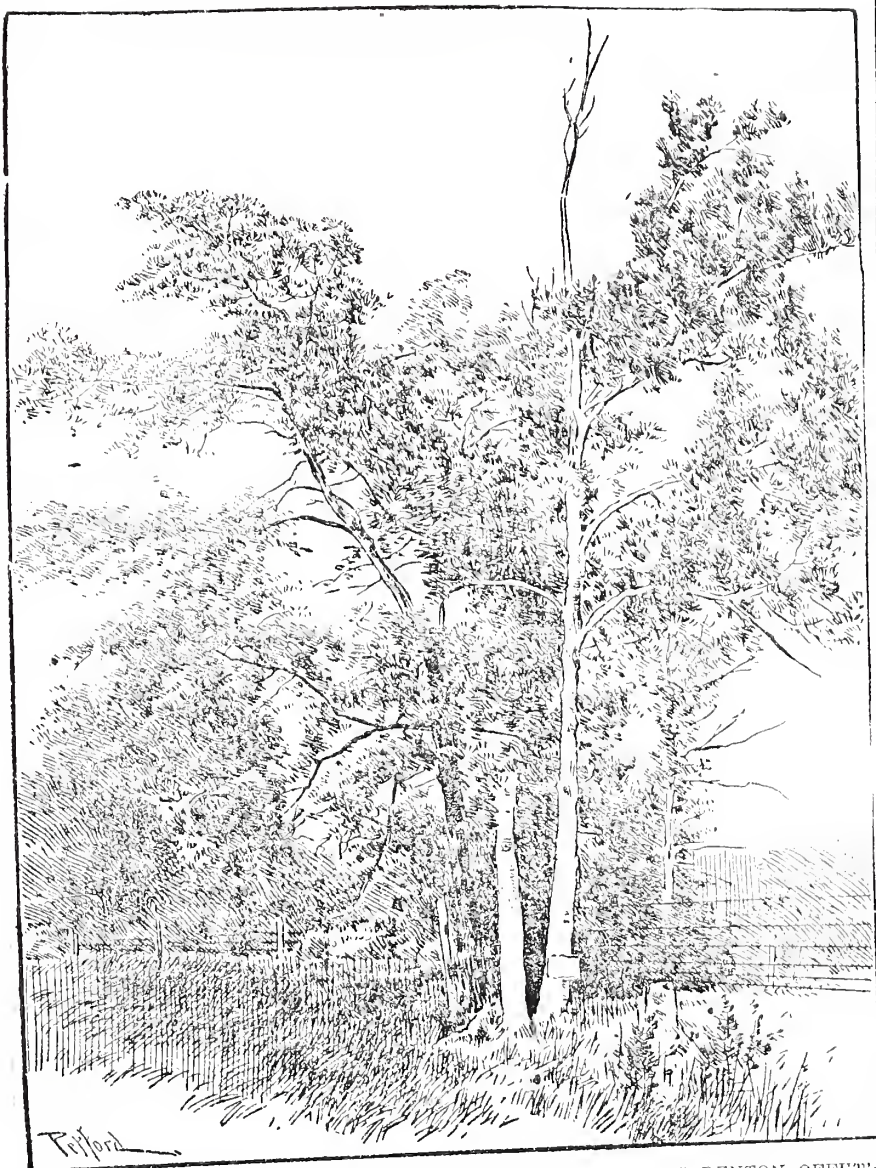
THE OLD SALEM CHAUTAUQUA GROUNDS.

struggles, and his hopes, but New Salem has passed away. Now Old Salem Chautauqua is erected in its place, and each visitor to the assembly grounds will find everywhere associations which will remind them of Illinois' martyred son.

This will be the second year of the Old Salem assembly, and, although the youngest, yet it is already one of the foremost assemblies in the state. It is pushing and in earnest, and of it the late ex-Governor Oglesby said, when he attended last year: "The finest thing I ever saw—better than a horse race." These words, from the man to whom Lincoln gave his homely advice, "Dick, stick

careful to protect it from vandalism. On the south side of the sycamore is carved a good likeness of Mr. Lincoln, and just beside where these three trees stand is the supposed site of the famous wrestle between Lincoln and Armstrong.

From his work at Denton Offut's store Lincoln went out to become a surveyor, and through Old Salem park runs a road which he laid out. Near by was the cemetery in which Ann Rutledge, his first love, was laid to rest. With the decline of New Salem this cemetery was passed into neglect, and the body of Lincoln's sweetheart was removed to the Petersburg cemetery.



THE THREE TREES GROWN FROM SINGLE ROOTS ON SITE OF DENTON OFFUT'S
STORE, WHERE LINCOLN CLERKED, AT NEW SALEM.

Lake Describes Visit To Country Where Lincoln Was Known In His Boyhood Days

Tells of Scenes and Stories as Seen and Heard in Western States—Impressed By Observations

Green Mountain Sept 27, 1924

Macon, Menard and Sangamon Counties, Illinois, where Abraham Lincoln spent the formative years of his life, where he first decided to follow law, was recently visited by Mr. and Mrs. Harry F. Lake and daughter, Mary, on their recent trip to Illinois.

Mr. Lake, who has devoted a great deal of time to the study of the life of Lincoln, was enthusiastic in his account of how well all the historical places in these counties were preserved and cared for in memory of the Emancipator.

One of the most interesting of his experiences in the Lincoln country, he states, was an interview with Henry B. Rankin of Springfield, a retired banker of 87 years, who

served as office boy in the firm of Lincoln and Herndon between the years 1856 and 1861. Mr. Rankin has devoted a vast amount of time to writing biographical sketches of Lincoln. He told Mr. Lake that Lincoln was one of the best appearing lawyers that ever entered the Springfield courtroom. He was not shabby, awkward and ill-mannered as many are led to believe by the accounts of his life. This erroneous opinion came, according to Mr. Rankin, from the accounts of Lincoln's life written by his law partner, Herndon, who had a habit of grossly exaggerating and contrasting incidents and appearances.

In a book which Mr. Rankin is

(Continued On Page Three)

"The tomb of Abraham Lincoln," remarked Mr. Lake, "is fast becoming a shrine to Americans." The number of visitors to the tomb has increased from 18,000 in 1920 to 34,000 in 1923. The caretaker, Henry W. Fay, stated that, although he is not obliged to be on duty Sundays, he often accommodates visitors on that day. He had just received a telephone message the day the Concord people visited him, requesting that he allow a St. Louis fraternal organization of 1500 to visit the tomb on the following Sunday.

The old pioneer village of New Salem was visited by Mr. Lake and his party. It has been restored to resemble the original village by the Illinois Historical society. It was in this village where Lincoln spent the formative years of his life (1831-1838), where he loved Ann Rutledge, and where he first was induced to study law through the finding of Blackstone's "Commentaries" in a barrel of rubbish left by a passing pioneer. All the original buildings are now being reproduced; the home and inn of the Rutledges, the Berry-Lincoln store, Offard's store, the home of Dr. John Allen and others. The only original building is the Onstott wheelwright shop in the loft of which Lincoln studied law.

soon to publish, the author has made an effort to do justice to Mrs. Lincoln who suffered severely through the cruel pen of Herndon. "Mrs. Lincoln." Mr. Rankin stated emphatically to Mr. Lake, "was a woman of high temperament and often gave way to bursts of temper. However, she was very ambitious and there can be no doubt that she loved Lincoln; and Lincoln loved her equally as much."

"Without her understanding, political sagacity, understanding and stimulation, which Lincoln needed so much in his periods of depression, he would never have become President of the United States. She seemed to be exactly the right one to buoy him up and stimulate him to perform his best work. Seeing them in public or at home, one could detect nothing but sympathy, understanding and loyalty between them."

The former Lincoln office boy brought to mind many reminiscences of Lincoln too lengthy to be recorded, yet interesting to the extreme.

In Fairview park in the city of Decatur, still stands the rough-log court house where Lincoln first practiced law when riding the circuit. The courthouse remains as it was originally constructed and is, according to Mr. Lake, one of the few buildings of the Lincoln period which still stands unaltered.

The collection of Lincoln-Rutledge material, gathered by Jane Hammond of Shaller, Iowa, and presented to the Decatur public library, is of tremendous value. One of the most interesting and most precious of all the mementos, said Mr. Lake, was the Kirkham English grammar which Lincoln studied at New Salem. According to accounts, Lincoln was supposed to have studied the grammar with his first sweetheart, Ann Rutledge, for the book turned up in the possession of her nephew some years later. On the title page in Lincoln's writing is the inscription, "Ann Rutledge is now learning grammar."

Not far from Decatur, on the road to Montecello, is constructed a pyramid marking the meeting, on July 29, 1858, between Lincoln and Douglas which later resulted in the series of debates between the two contestants for the United States Senate.

The homestead in Springfield is a modest eight-room house, well preserved through careful preservation. The only pieces of the original Lincoln furniture are a dining room table and one dining room chair. The rest of the furniture was sold to a family by the name of Tilden when the Lincoln family took up their residence in the White House. Unfortunately, every stick of furniture that the Tildens bought was destroyed in the Chicago fire of 1871. However, the old homestead is furnished with articles used during that period by close friends and near relatives of Lincoln.

New Salem of Abraham Lincoln

How the Future President Clerked in a Store and Whipped a Bully

By J. T. FARIS

Dearborn Independent 2-12-1931

ATALL, awkward young man lived, during the winter of 1830 and 1831, near Decatur, Illinois. After a spell as a farm worker and a rail splitter, he was employed to accompany two other men with a flatboat from Beardstown to New Orleans. He was under contract to meet his employer, Daniel Offut, at Springfield, in early spring. But the spring rains were heavy, and travel by land was therefore impossible.

So the young man rowed down the Sangamon River to Springfield. There Offut told him that he had not yet secured a flatboat, and hired him, with his companion, to build the needed craft.

The work was done at Sangamontown, a little community that disappeared long ago. And the most dependable of the boat builders

was the young man, Abraham Lincoln.

After four weeks of steady work the boat was ready, and the long voyage was begun—on April 1, 1831. The journey was just begun when the mill dam at New Salem interposed objections to progress. On this the boat stuck for nearly twenty-four hours. During this time the entire village turned out, and jeered and encouraged by turns the men who were trying to get the boat off. Young Lincoln was not disturbed. With perfect unconsciousness of his would-be tormentors on the bank, he worked out an ingenious plan, and succeeded in getting the boat over the dam.

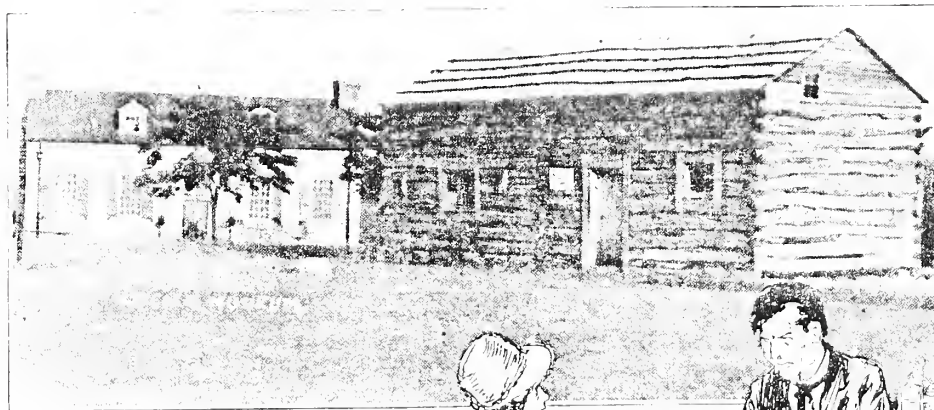
Offut, who watched the performance, was so taken with Lincoln that, when the voyage was over, he asked him to become his clerk in a store and mill at New Salem, which he proposed to open. The period of employment began in July, 1831.

Ida Tarbell has described vividly the little community in which the future President found himself:

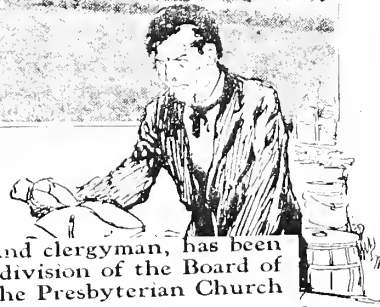
'New Salem, founded in 1829 by James Rutledge and John Cameron, and a dozen years later a deserted village, is rescued from oblivion only by the fact that Abraham Lincoln was once one of its inhabitants. The town never contained more than fifteen houses, all of them built of logs, but it had an energetic population of perhaps one hundred persons, among whom was a blacksmith, a tinner, a hatter, a schoolmaster, and a preacher. New Salem boasted a gristmill, a sawmill, two stores, and a tavern, but the day of hope was short. In 1837 it began to decline, and by 1840 Petersburg, two miles down the river, had absorbed the business and population. Salem hill is now only a green cow pasture.'

Offut's store at New Salem soon became a popular loafing place, largely because the

clerk, Lincoln, had such a wonderful fund of stories, which he was always ready to tell. When it was discovered that he was as good a fighter as a story-teller, enthusiasm for him was unbounded. He won his spurs when he was victor in a contest, not of his own seeking, with the chief bully of the notorious gang from Clary's Grove, a settlement



The Lincoln Museum at New Salem. Next to it is Rutledge. J. T. Faris, editor and clergyman, has been director of the editorial division of the Board of Christian Education of the Presbyterian Church in the United States since 1923.



nearby. The victory was won in spite of the bully's attempt to 'foul,' and Lincoln's ability won plaudits of foes and friends.

One of Lincoln's biographers has told how he used his prowess for decency and order. Sometimes he found visitors to the store who annoyed women and children. When they refused to behave when told to do so, the mighty clerk thrashed them well, and so enforced the law. Once he asked a man to stop swearing in the presence of women. When the man persisted, and later abused him, Lincoln said, 'Well, if you must be whipped, I suppose I might as well whip you now as any other time.' The victory over the foul-mouthed man was as complete as over the bully.

The stay in Offut's store was notable also for the famous stories illustrating Lincoln's honesty and integrity, as well as for the records of his studious habits. He studied grammar, and he studied public speaking. The village schoolmaster aided him whenever possible, and the cooper made him free of his shop at night. By the light of a fire of shavings many books were read.

The people were interested in him and his progress, and they were most sympathetic when, in 1832, he announced that he would be a candidate for the general assembly.

The chief event of the campaign was the

visit to the Sangamon of the Steamer *Talisman*, from Cincinnati, which ascended the river from Beardstown to Springfield. Lincoln himself was the pilot of the boat, which was thought to be the forerunner of a line of boats that would bring prosperity to all the towns—and many towns to be laid out—along the river.

But in spite of proof of the contention of the candidate that the river was navigable, the clerk from Offut's store was defeated,

although his own district voted for him almost solidly. This was the only time he was ever defeated by the direct vote of the people, he afterward proudly said.

The campaign whose issue was so unsatisfactory to Lincoln was interrupted by the call of the governor of Illinois for troops to go out on the trail of Black Hawk, the Indian chief, who had repudiated a treaty giving the lands of his tribe to the government.

He had taken the warpath, was terrorizing the people of Northern Illinois, and was threatening further devastation. Lincoln

volunteered for service, and, while the company of which he was a member was trailing to the Illinois River, he was chosen captain.

Lincoln and his men had no part in the conflict, though they marched to the northern part of the state.

A term as postmaster and a season as surveyor helped to vary the experiences of the ambitious young man. And it was testified of him that whatever he did, he did well. His records were kept properly, and his lines did not have to be run over.

The next attempt for the legislature was successful, and in 1834 Lincoln went from New Salem to Candalia. By this time he was not so much interested in the navigation of the Sangamon as in measures to provide canals for the state. His service was creditable, but not spectacular.

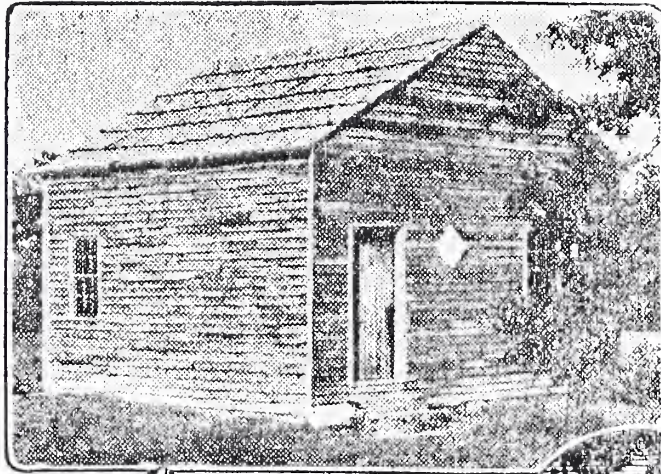
In 1835, when Lincoln returned to New Salem, he resumed his duties as postmaster and deputy surveyor. He also resolved to study law with greater energy.

A second term in the assembly, the completion of his law studies, his admission to the bar, were events of the later residence in New Salem. And at length, in 1836, he moved to Springfield, where the capital of Illinois had been moved from Candalia, and began the practice of law.

Students of history have sought out the site of the little town where he kept store, and at length have succeeded in setting apart the site as a state park.

WHERE YOUNG ABE WALKED

Consolidated Press 4-19-28



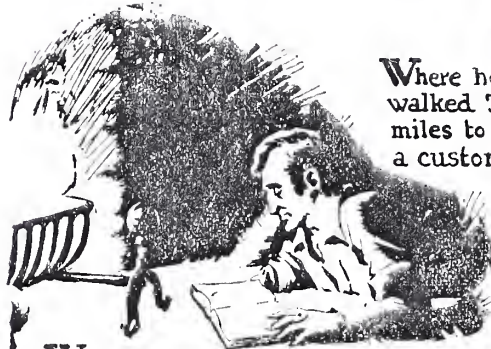
The restored Lincoln and Berry store



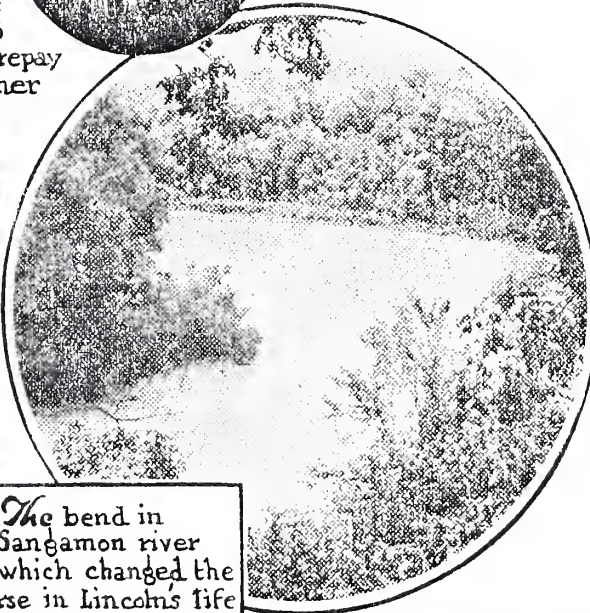
It was in Salem where Lincoln met love and tragedy



Where he walked 3 miles to repay a customer



Where he read Blackstone by the light of the fireplace



The bend in Sangamon river which changed the course in Lincoln's life



Where he practiced surveying

It was in Salem, Ill., that Abe Lincoln had his first love affair and went thru the vivid experiences of his young manhood which were to guide his footsteps in the way of politics and eventual fame. This picture story gives a graphic outline of his activities during these years, after the Lincolns had left their home in southern Indiana.

4/27/28

then the common speech of this country. He seems often to have sung Irish songs and retained always a passionate love of Irish music.—Yours, &c., C. A. MAGINN.

Sunnyside, Liverpool Road,
Great Sankey, Warrington.

THE CENOTAPH CEREMONY

SIR,—Your correspondent "Kappa," who seems to have been made "slightly sick" by the Armistice Day ceremony at the Cenotaph, remarks that the spirit informing the ceremony was "a proud and defiant patriotism."

I am fairly robust, and so was not attacked by symptoms of nausea on reading this astonishing comment. I will merely say, as another spectator of the scene, that it would be difficult to invent a description more utterly remote from the truth. Any person, slightly sick or quite well, who thought he observed in that ceremony a spirit of proud and defiant patriotism would be capable of detecting the seeds of Jingoism in a Quakers' meeting.

Incidentally, it seems to me a queer manifestation of the peace spirit that the rare spectacle of a soldier bowing his head in silence for two minutes in memory of the end of a gruesome war should infuriate some very peaceful citizens and cause others to vomit.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR J. CUMMINGS.

11, St. Mary's Avenue, Finchley, N.3.
November 20th, 1928.

["Kappa" writes: "Mr. Cummings misquotes. If he will glance again at the paragraph he criticizes he will see that I did not say that the Armistice Day ceremony made me 'slightly sick.' I said that that was the effect upon me of 'the usual gush of hackneyed and obviously pumped-up sentiment' concerning the anniversary in the newspapers before and after the event. I *did* express the opinion that the ceremony, with its military display and procession of 'patriotic' societies—the reference was specially to the Fascist women—was informed with 'a spirit of proud and defiant patriotism.' This description I am prepared to defend. Mr. Cummings apparently thought the ceremony more resembled a Quakers' meeting. The two impressions cannot be reconciled. Finally, my second paragraph on this subject was specifically intended to save me from the kind of attack Mr. Cummings makes in his last sentence. If he will read it also again, he may admit that it is grossly unfair to accuse me of being disgusted by the 'rare spectacle of a soldier bowing his head,' &c. I wrote that paragraph for the sole purpose of expressing my deep sympathy with the ceremony in its aspect as a mourning for the dead."]

THE LAST OF THE DOSTOEVSKYS

SIR,—Many of your readers may be interested to learn some rather sad facts concerning the only surviving direct descendant of Fedor Dostoevsky. André Dostoevsky, a grandson of the great writer, after losing both his father and his brother (whose deaths were due to privations resulting from present conditions in Russia), is now himself in a precarious state of health owing to similar privations. Under-nourishment and over-work at the University of Novotcherkask, in South Russia, where he is now studying, brought on a serious nervous breakdown from which he is only just recovering. In order to be dependent for as short a time as possible upon his mother (who is obliged to earn her own living as well as support her son), the boy, now aged eighteen, is making a great effort to pass the necessary examinations in three years instead of four. Hampered by ill-health and lack of money, the struggle is a hard one. If, therefore, anything can be done to prevent a repetition of the tragedy which befell his father and brother, and which is now threatening Dostoevsky's only surviving grandson, surely it is worth attempting. Money, of course, is what is chiefly needed in order to enable the boy, who is doing brilliantly at the University, to complete his studies and obtain the degree upon which his future career will largely depend.

Any reader of THE NATION who would care to have further information on the subject is invited to communicate

any others of help to the only representative now resident in France.—Yours, &c.,

ROLLO H. MYERS.

6, Avenue Sully-Prudhomme, Paris (7e.).

BACON AND SHAKESPEARE

SIR,—Your reviewer, in discussing Mr. Lytton Strachey's new book, says that Bacon was one of the greatest cad in history. He goes on to say: "and yet there are those who believe he wrote the works of Shakespeare."

Two days before I listened to a gentleman (a keen supporter of the Shakespeare authorship) reading a paper on "Hamlet," in the course of which he said that Hamlet was "an unmitigated cad"!

Now unquestionably the creator of Hamlet admired him, for he pictures him as universally beloved.

The coincidence seems to me to open up an interesting field of speculation.—Yours, &c.,

GERALD C. MABERLY.

Saffron Walden.

November 25th, 1928.

S. R. V. L. G. 4

A LATE ARRIVAL

IN the month of July, 1831, there was a considerable stir in the village of New Salem, Illinois. A stranger had arrived there. He had come to take charge of the big new store which Denton Offutt was just about to open; and in New Salem the arrival of any stranger was an important event. For though it was the centre of a large district, New Salem was not a large place. It consisted of fifteen or sixteen log huts, and two or three stores and a mill. Its whole population numbered about a hundred. But even if New Salem had been larger than it was, the arrival of this stranger would not probably have escaped notice. For he was a man of very remarkable appearance. He stood six feet four inches high, with absurdly long arms and legs, and huge hands and feet. His face was thin and shrivelled with a curious melancholy expression, and he had a high thin voice. His dress also was remarkable. He wore a blue cotton round-about coat, stoga shoes, and pale blue casinet pantaloons which failed to connect with either coat or socks, coming, so we are told, "about three inches below the coat and an inch or two above the socks." (It was one of Lincoln's minor misfortunes that he could seldom find pantaloons large enough to fit him. Even quite late in his career his short trousers added a touch of comedy to his appearance.) On his head at this time was a large straw hat, to be replaced soon afterwards by the great stove-pipe hat, in which, when he was postmaster of New Salem, he used to carry the mail. But under this singular appearance, the stranger was found to possess some admirable qualities. He was enormously strong—"the strongest man New Salem had ever known"—he could lift great weights, and could jump, run, box, and wrestle, better than any man in the district. He had also "a most astonishing memory," and could tell any number of good stories, so that the boys would cluster round him to hear him talk. "There was no man so sour that Lincoln could not make him laugh." He loved to recite doggerel verse and jingles which he had heard or invented, and would sing absurd songs about

or:—"Oald, oald Suckey Blueskin";

"Hail Columbia, happy land,

or:—"If you ain't broke, may I be damned";

"The turbaned Turk that scorns the world,
and struts about with his whiskers curled."

More than thirty years later, when Lincoln had become President, his friends would still recall the songs of that strange new Sion. He was, they said, "the best fun-

Salem, Lincoln's Early Illinois Home

Ghost Town of Log Cabins Again Rises on Bluffs Overlooking the Sangamon as It Did Century Ago

Special Correspondence

NEW SALEM, Ill., Feb. 7.—This is a personless town. Ghostlike structures line the street. At the Rutledge Tavern no one ever dines. The Onstott copper shop no longer arouses the echoes with the construction of barrels. The Offut general store is without patrons. The visitor to New Salem is alone except for impressive memories, for no one lives in the old town.

The State of Illinois, as if by a magic wand, has re-created an extinct village, but it cannot bring to life the early residents. Their places can be taken only by chance visitors—those who troop here by the thousands annually and from all quarters of the globe to the shrine of Abraham Lincoln.

Rebuilt as Memorial

The replica of old Salem has an especial appeal as the anniversary of Lincoln's birth draws near. It is surrounded by scenic grandeur, even during the winter season, that imposes silence and soberness, even without the aid of sacred associations. From the veranda of the newly built museum of stone, erected by the commonwealth on the bluff upon which the old settlement stood, the tourist gazes over a rich valley. The suggestion is of incomparable peace. In the distance appear gently rolling hills, while nearer, framing the vista on the right and left, are lofty bluffs, as densely wooded as they were in Lincoln's time.

Yet the scene that greets the eye today is far distant from that in 1833. Then there was activity and life. The hum of the spinning wheel was heard in log cabins, which now are silent. Then ox carts came and went with their loads from the farms or with products from the general store or mill. A primitive citizenry engaged in their humble and prosaic occupations, little dreaming of the immortal fame that was to come to the clerk in the single center of trade and who was the champion wrestler and the courtier of Ann Rutledge, the fairest flower of the hamlet.

City Died After Lincoln Left

At the base of the highlands flowed the picturesque Sangamon, appearing very much the same then as now. The hatter sold headgear for 50 cents,

made from rabbit skins. The industries included a tannery, wheelwright, card-machine, cooper shop and a few others of a primitive nature.

When Lincoln left to take up the practice of law in Springfield, the village, after a thriving existence of twenty years, began to decline and

later passed into oblivion. Now, eighty years later, the place where Lincoln lived and dreamed about his future has been reborn. The mute reminders of the hardships that were stoically borne by the women from the cultured sections of the East appear to have awakened from their Rip Van Winkle

sleep. These women left comfortable homes to establish homes on the frontier, a primitive life in the wilderness.

These pygmy log homes, scarcely larger than the living room of a modern residence, give the visitor a new appreciation of the comforts and conveniences enjoyed today. In the museum

are the primitive utensils of the home and farm. There are innumerable memorials of Lincoln and his time.

The family Bible of the Rutledges is the most sacred relic of all. The yellowed pages show the birth and death records of Ann, Lincoln's first love, to whom he was betrothed. Her untimely

Rutledge Tavern and Old Family Bible, Reminiscent of Ann's Romance, a Part of Memorial

death brought the melancholy tinge to his face that in succeeding years was never missing. A stately monument of granite marks her grave in Oakland Cemetery, near here. Carved upon it are these lines:

"Out of me, unworthy and unknown, the vibrations of deathless music. 'With malice toward none, with charity for all.' Out of me, forgiveness of millions toward millions, and the beneficent face of a nation, shining with justice and truth. I am Ann Rutledge who sleeps beneath these weeds. Beloved of Abraham Lincoln, wedded to him, not through union, but through separation. Bloom forever, O Republic, from the dust of my bosom."

Tourists who visit New Salem, the scene of Lincoln's young manhood, leave with the feeling that the enigma of his greatness is less difficult to solve than ever before. No thoughtful and serious man like Lincoln could have lived here without having been impressed by the scene.

The village itself was uncouth and typically rural, but the outlook from its border had the beauty and serenity that encourage dreams and challenge to great achievement. There Lincoln must have sat with Ann Rutledge and indulged in day dreams for their future. There perhaps they walked when a little time could be spared from the duties of the store and household.

New Salem, exemplifying the early manhood of Lincoln, is an impressive object lesson of the rugged environment in which he passed the formative period of his life and built the foundation for accomplishments which were to stir the world. All of the restored buildings are rich in historical associations. The Onstott cooper shop was Lincoln's study. By the light of the fireplace he pored over law books.

The idea of resurrecting an entire log cabin village was a bold conception. The spirit of Lincoln, of Ann Rutledge and other dwellers may return, but the living city never. To the tourist it appears that "the unchecked thought wanders at will upon enchanted ground."

HONEST OLD ABE.

His First Home in Illinois—Personal Reminiscences Among His Old Neighbors.

Correspondence Indianapolis Times.

DECATUR, Ill., September 22.—A more beautiful country than the region lying back of the bluffs along the Sangamon River can scarcely be imagined. If you start from Springfield and trace it twenty miles along its tortuous course you will find scenery as picturesque as any along the banks of the "romantic Wabashickon." The names of "Hog Back," or "Greasy," or "Chicken Bristle" may not be musical or enchanting, but they bring with them to the wrinkled pioneer memories of early conflicts with the "prairie shakes" or the wolves of the timber. To me the name of Lincoln is interwoven with every recollection of the Sangamon. Along its towering banks resounded the stroke of his ax when he split those immortal rails. Over its bosom he learned to "paddle his own canoe." By its side he mustered his company of pioneer soldiers. It re-echoed the eloquence of his maiden speech. It was the silent witness of his early struggles with poverty. It heard his first plight of love to Ann Rutledge, and today, as it moves to the gulf it swoops mournfully by the spot where his body lies at rest. To speak of Ashland brings up Clay, Monticello; Jefferson; and Mount Vernon, Washington; and in the years to come the mention of the Sangamon will bring up Lincoln. Shortly after he had attained his majority, Lincoln came tramping through from Macon County, and stopped on a beautiful day at New Salem. The latter place then consisted of a mill at the foot of the hill, with two or three stores and a tavern on the bluff. I visited the spot a few weeks ago. An old-fashioned water-power mill—not the original one, however—still grinds the passing farmer's grist, but the town itself has long since disappeared. In its stead, and two miles up the river, has grown the charming little town of Petersburg. The postmaster of the latter place, Mr. A. N. Curry, kindly drove me down to the now historic site of New Salem. Every building has been torn down and moved away and the entire place turned into a cow pasture. One James Bale, who was born and raised in the neighborhood, guided us up the hill and through the brush. The only vestige of the old town that remains is the cellar over which stood Lincoln's store. Out of the excavation have grown three trees, a thorn, an elm and a sycamore. From each we cut a cane besides carrying away sundry pieces of the foundation stone scattered about. From the top of this hill the scenery is thrilling and picturesque, and the recollection of it and his life spent there must have inspired Lincoln to the eloquence he afterward exhibited. Below, and at the base of the hill, peacefully flows the river. Across and beyond are the meadows and farm houses, and the prairie stretching away as far as the eye can reach, and meeting the sky in the distance. Within sight of "pastures measureless as the air" the tu-

turo President indulged in his first day dreams, and there he

"Behold
The boundless future in the vast
And lonely river seaward roll."

An old man who lived in New Salem when Lincoln came says he was dressed in a suit of gray jeans. His pantaloons were some four or five inches too short and his coat cut in the swallow-tail fashion. He wore on his head what the old man described to me as "a regular old Kentucky plug hat, one of these 'ere narrow brim kind, and the main part straight up and down." He applied to the tavern for lodging, and for some time was employed there to do chores. He made himself agreeable to all and was soon a well known character. Lincoln's greatness dates from the time he "cleared out" the bully of the neighborhood. A crowd of young fellows from Clary's Grove, about five miles distant, were in the habit of terrorizing everybody in their section of the country. Whenever they came to Salem they did much as they pleased. On one of their visits they happened to antagonize the stranger who administered such a sound thrashing to their leader that from thenceforward Abe Lincoln was the most noted and respected man in the community. Lincoln made friends easily, and they readily took stock in him. At one time when he was Deputy Surveyor of Sangamon County his property and outfit, consisting of a pony valued at \$15 and a set of surveying instruments, were sold at public auction by a Constable for debt; Lincoln was disheartened; the future seemed dark; but a friend, one Short, now living in Menard County, Illinois, bought the property in and turned it over to the young surveyor. Lincoln afterward got on his feet and reimbursed his friend Short, paying him every cent he had advanced with good interest. By the time the Black Hawk War broke Lincoln had advanced in popular esteem, and was elected Captain of a company. From the descriptions I heard, this must have been a gay company, indeed. They had no uniforms; some had rifles, some shotguns, some no weapons at all. They never drilled an hour in their lives, but Lincoln remarked as they left that the Indians would certainly have "no show at all if they ever met Captain Lincoln's men." The evening they reached home on the return from their campaign they encamped on the side of the river, opposite to New Salem. Their wives were waiting to welcome the soldiers home; but the latter concluded to spend this last night together where they were and meet their families on the morrow. The Captain detailed two men to cross the river and purchase some "commissary," and the returning soldiers "made a night of it." Exactly how the gallant Captain conducted himself on the occasion no one knows. The next morning, however, in assisting the land lady to make hoe cake he put soda in it instead of salt. A number of incidents I learned while at Petersburg must be postponed till a future letter. Everyone who knows Lincoln remembers some pleasing story. One old man, who still lives in the "brush," remarked that so many persons came to New Salem inquiring about Lincoln that "he believed people thought Abe was a great man," while another man's only title to eminence rests in the fact that he gave Lincoln the measles.

J. W. W.

Indianapolis Times

9/25/1901

W. E. A.

Humble Cabin Was Lincoln's Home College

Modern universities cover many acres of land, boast towering structures valued at millions and employ a small army of instructors.

Yet, in the crude little one-room log hut at Salem, Ill., now preserved as one of America's shrines to the memory of Abraham Lincoln, we may look upon the now world-famous "fire-lit home college" of a century ago, Earle W. Gays writes, in the Philadelphia Ledger.

Here in this Illinois cabin was born that mastery of English that later thrilled a nation into action and contributed nobly to our literature.

The Henry Onsott cabin is well preserved, and nearby at hand is the famous Rutledge cabin, wherein resided the family with whom young Lincoln boarded for five years, between 1832 and 1837, and where he became the lover of beautiful Ann Rutledge.

Then, at the left of the hill, we may see the old McNamer store, a "leading mercantile establishment" back in 1833. The right room was used by the firm of Berry and Lincoln, grocers and general merchants, and here Abe told some of those famous yarns.

Although these structures in "Old Salem," rebuilt to become New Salem, may appear as barnlike buildings, all are in a good state of preservation. They rise from historic ground. These "clearings" were continually the scene of Indian warfare, and many a modern structure would soon fall before the terrible onslaughts these cabins withstood.

Inn Community Center.

The Rutledge log cabin, for example, was superior to the average American home of the pioneer settlements

Onsott Cabin, Salem

of the Middle West of a century ago. Besides providing a comfortable habitation for the large family, it became a popular center and inn to those who followed the wilderness trail. Beside its hospitable fireplace were entertained many famous trail-blazers, whose names are now inscribed in bold letters in the story of the "winning of the West." Under Lincoln's youthful humor, with Ann's maidenly calmness and sweetness, it was the community center of many an evening of pioneer entertainment.

Nearly a century later, when lovers of Lincoln discovered the abandoned

community going to ruin, though no attention had been given to the old structures for half a century, save by passing tramps, who sought shelter under the leaky roofs, the cabins were found in a fair state of preservation.

So much so that the committee found it possible to rebuild the structures, a shrine to the memory of Lincoln and Salem. Decayed logs have been replaced, the roofs patched, the grass cut in the front yard, so that present and future generations may look upon the scene as young Lincoln saw it.

Town of Salem.

Beside the Rutledge cabin there is the Onsott cabin, where Lincoln toiled in Henry Onsott's cooper shop by day and saved plentiful heaps of shavings to burn in the fireplace at night. Serving both as a place of industry and a home, and substantially constructed, this cabin was found in a good state, even the crude stone chimney and fireplace standing.

The location of "New Old Salem," to which a multitude of modern tourists now wend their way each year, is at a point where the Sangamon river, winding its way from the southeast, turns sharply westward in its course, and, striking a high bluff, turns abruptly north. The high bluff extends north and south for about a third of a mile, with a ridge extending westward from a center, giving the impression of the letter "T." On either side of the bluff is a small brook that empties into the Sangamon. On this location John Cameron and James Rutledge in 1828 and 1829 had R. S. Harrison lay out the town of New Salem.

Cameron from Georgia and Rutledge from South Carolina were millwrights. They threw a dam across the Sangamon and settlers soon began to arrive from Kentucky, Georgia and the Carolinas. During February, 1830, when Lincoln was twenty-one, his father, Thomas; his stepmother, and the family of Dennis Hanks settled on the north fork of the Sangamon, some ten miles southwest of Decatur, Ill.

Where Lincoln Studied.

Lincoln's arrival in New Salem was about August, 1831, and he boarded at the Rutledge inn. During the years before he went to Springfield he worked as grocer's clerk and in the Onsott cooper shop, where he studied at night by the light of the fireplace, and at various odd jobs as surveyor.

It was here that Lincoln gained his reputation for wrestling, or "rassling," as he would have called it then. Wrestling matches were to the young men of the West what football, baseball and other sports are to the youth of today. The clerk in that country store became the undisputed champion in that part of Illinois.

It was from New Salem that Lincoln enlisted in the Black Hawk war and came back something of a hero. Then, after a little electioneering for the only elective office which he ever failed to win, he settled down to store-keeping with "an idle fellow named Berry" and soon obtained the undisputed control of the trade of the village.

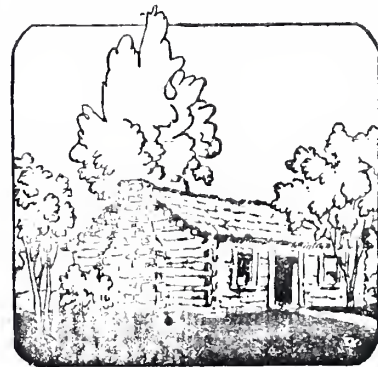
About the time he left New Salem for Springfield the town of Petersburg was planned and the entire village of New Salem—residents, homes and stores—was moved to Petersburg, and

New Salem again was back as "farming ground." The town had gone, but the Lincoln associations remained.

Reconstruction Well Done.

In recent years the "Old Salem Lincoln league" has been formed at Petersburg for rebuilding and re-establishing Old Salem, which will be known as "New Old Salem." Some of the original log buildings, which had been moved from New Salem to Petersburg, have been returned to New Old Salem and again placed on the original sites. The first building restored was the Onsott cooper shop. Other log homes and stores have been rebuilt upon the old locations and the buildings are in every respect to duplicate the originals of Lincoln's day. Old-timers who have visited the scene and who recall the region from stories related by fathers and grandfathers, when New Salem was a thriving center, testify to the fidelity of the reconstruction.

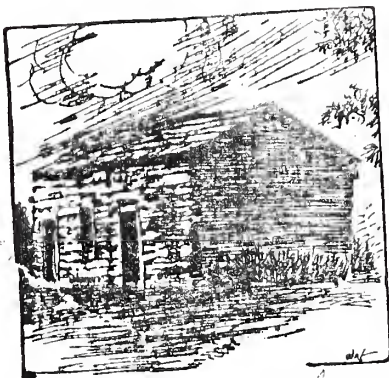
As the visitor passes along "Main Street" markers are seen telling to whom the homes and stores belonged. The association has also built of native stones a memorial building that



Rutledge Tavern, Salem

houses many articles that belonged to Lincoln and his immediate associates—the piano that was used at the wedding of Lincoln and Mary Todd, the side saddle used by Ann Rutledge, Lincoln's surveying instruments and numerous manuscripts.

Thus it is that New Old Salem has become a second Mount Vernon. It lacks the grandeur of Washington's dwelling, but it is a shrine of logs, perpetuating the simplicity and the poverty of the Lincolns. To many it makes an appeal far greater than any other, since it exemplifies the old American teaching that the poor and the lowly may rise to honor.



C. M. H. B. H. B. H.

2/19/32
PAGE TWELVE

LINCOLN BOYHOOD HOME PURCHASED FOR PUBLIC PARK

**Illinois Government Buys
Land Tilled by Presi-
dent's Father**

(Special to The Times-Picayune)
Charleston, Ill., Feb. 19.—Under a plan worked out by Robert Kingery, director of the state department of public works and buildings, the farm of Abraham Lincoln's father has been purchased and is to be made a public park. It consists of 84 acres in a region long known as Goose Nest Prairie. The two-room log cabin is to be restored and is to be furnished as it was in Lincoln's time.

The southern part of Coles county is filled with Lincoln lore, for it was here that Lincoln moved in the early spring of 1931. His father and mother are buried in the Shiloh cemetery, where a monument stands to their memory, erected in the year 1923. This monument bears the inscription:

Lincoln
Thomas and Sarah Bush Lincoln
1778-1851 1788-1869
Father and Stepmother
Of Our Martyred President
Their Humble But Worthy Home
Gave to the World
Abraham Lincoln

Illinois has had a Lincoln Trail leading to places of interest in the life of Lincoln, but until the present only a pile of stones marked the abode of Lincoln's father.

Lincoln late in his career journeyed here and asked that this father's grave be cared for and preserved. Susan D. Baker's father was asked to attend to the duty. In the course of time, Mrs. Baker formed the Shiloh Lincoln Memorial Club, which was instrumental in having the memorial erected and in gathering and recording information about the Lincoln family.

IN OLD SALEM

*The Little Illinois Village on the Sangamon, Long Ago
Fallen in Ruins and Only Now Being Restored, Was the
Place Where Lincoln Entered Political Life*

By HAL BORLAND

IN THE spring of 1833 a group of log buildings on a bluff north of the Sangamon River, twenty miles northwest of Springfield, Ill., sheltered hopes of future greatness. Its people called the settlement New Salem, and they were given to boasting over their neighboring villages. For one thing, they held a strategic position on the river, which they were convinced would soon be an important channel of water commerce. For another, they had the best cockpit in the district. For a third, they had the first postoffice in the county. And for a final boast they had a young merchant who was the best wrestler and rough-and-tumble fighter in many a mile.

Most of those boasts proved idle. New Salem fell into ruin and decay long before the Civil War, and the Sangamon remains a muddy stream that bears no commerce and turns few mill wheels. But the young merchant has justified remembrance of New Salem and the restoration of its scenes which was started last fall by the State of Illinois. The merchant's name was Lincoln. New Salemites called him Abe.

HAD it not been for the Sangamon, however, New Salem would probably have been long since forgotten. At the foot of the bluff where the village stood the river makes a sharp bend from west to north. Just below the bend there stood, in the winter of 1830-31, a mill powered by water diverted by a low dam flung across the stream. On the flood waters of the following spring a flatboat came down the river from near Springfield, laden with grain and meat and bound for the Illinois River, the Mississippi and the New Orleans market. In charge of it were John Hanks, John Johnson and Abe Lincoln, employees of Denton Offut, a trader who saw possibilities in river traffic from Central Illinois to New Orleans. Everything went well until the flatboat hung up on the dam at New Salem. In the two days necessary to clear the boat's crew made friends in the village. Then they went on downstream and in due time docked at New Orleans. Back in Illinois by midsummer, Hanks and Johnson had their own affairs to look after. Lincoln needed a job. Denton Offut offered it, perhaps at Lincoln's suggestion. Offut decided to build and stock a store at New Salem.

Lincoln arrived in the town a second time in August, 1832, ahead of Offut, who was bringing in the merchandise. Young Lincoln—he was just past twenty-two—found the town's interest centered in the election only a few days off. He had never yet voted, but he could talk politics, and he did. As a result he was chosen assistant clerk of elections, cast his first ballot and became a Salemite "for sure."

THE Offut store, of which Lincoln was made manager and entire clerical force, had little business. Salem already had more stores than the trade warranted. So young Lincoln found time for many ventures that must have required more than the usual backwoods community leisure. He made friends

everywhere. He fished and hunted. He talked politics. He even piloted the first—and last—steamboat that came up the Sangamon from Beardtown to Springfield.

With spring came another campaign for State officials. The Salem folk suggested that Lincoln would make a good Representative in Vandalia. He announced his candidacy. But the same week the Governor sent out a call for volunteers. The Black Hawk War had started.

LINCOLN, like other young Salemites, forgot politics for a time. He led the race to enlist, was chosen captain of the local company of militia and for several weeks rode up and down the Mississippi, seeing no Indians, taking part in no engagements and having quite a lark. Then in midsummer the "war" died down, the men were mustered out and Lincoln went back to New Salem and his neglected campaign. But it had been neglected too long. Despite a last-minute rally, Lincoln was defeated at the polls. Peter Cartwright, the preacher, went down to Vandalia as the Representative.

Meanwhile, the Offut store had, as Lincoln said, "petered out." If Lincoln were to have a job, he must make it himself. And now he wanted a job. He had begun to take note of that pretty girl over at the tavern, Rutledge's daughter Ann. Some of these days he'd be wanting a home of his own, and a home took money. So Captain Lincoln drew on his credit and bought a half interest in the Herndon & Berry store. But business there was not pressing. Lincoln borrowed a few law books and began to study. Then the patronage was doled out and he was named a deputy surveyor for the county. So between his law books, his store, his county job and

the girl at the tavern he put in a busy winter. And when the next spring brought a change in the postmastership he added still another iron to his fire. He got that office, too.

Another year of this routine brought many changes, mental as well as physical. Lincoln was busy, but he wasn't getting anywhere. He knew it as well as anybody. And

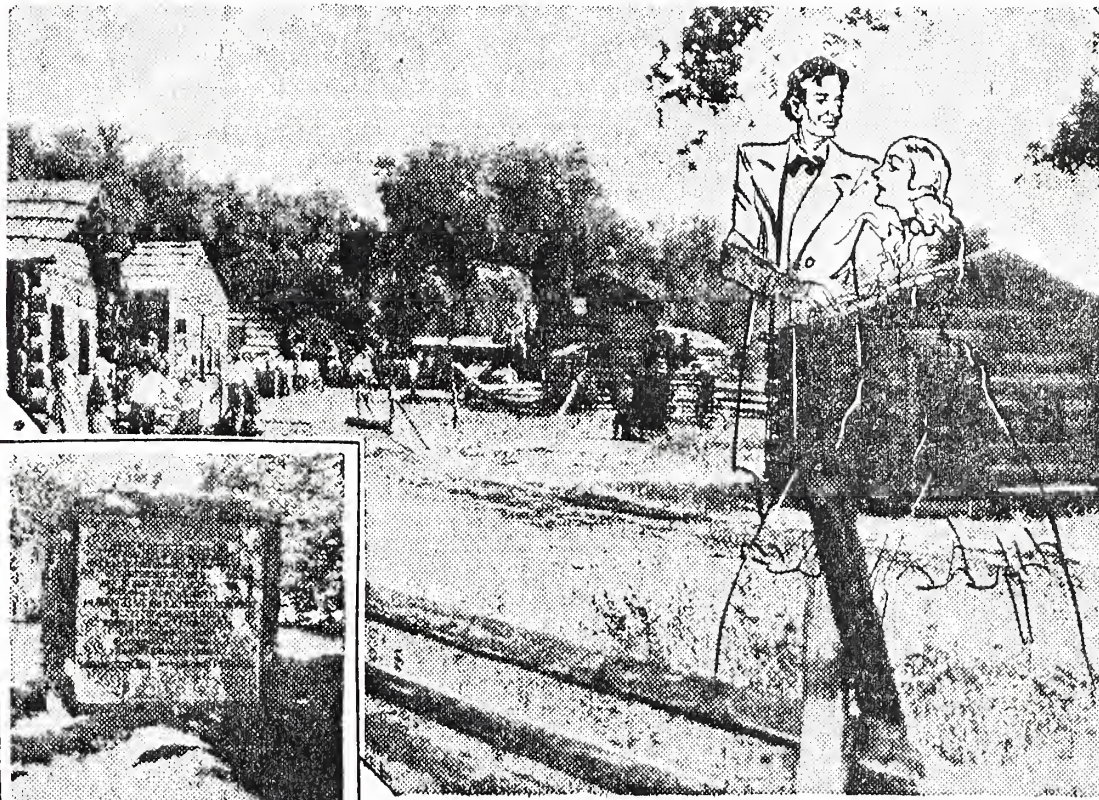
when the hickories and the sumacs began to burst bud he took to walking by himself down along the bluff that overlooked the river. Off there to the southeast and the east the land was reawakening. The fields were already green. In a few more weeks the trees would be out in full leaf. Nature was getting ahead, going somewhere. There was life and growth even in the mud beneath his boots. Salem, there behind him, was stagnant.

He announced himself as a candidate for Representative. This time he flung himself into the campaign wholeheartedly. He rode, drove or walked to every farmhouse and village in the district. He debated and he declaimed in public. He promised and he criticized. He kissed babies and he petted dogs. And when the votes were counted this time he had his satisfaction. Abe Lincoln had been elected to office, a Representative to the State capital.





WHERE LINCOLN COURTED BEAUTIFUL ANN RUTLEDGE



This photo shows the rehabilitated town of Old Salem, Ill., where Abraham Lincoln lived for eight years, and where he courted the

beautiful Ann Rutledge. The tombstone on the grave of Ann Rutledge at Petersburg, Ill., is pictured, left.

The glass-salvage drive will be on soon. The manufacturers want it known that old glass is as useful to them in the making of new glass products as scrap iron is to steel manufacturers making new steel products. . . . Jock Lawrence, the former Hollywood publicist who has been a member of Lord Louis Mountbatten's staff for the past year, was promoted to lieutenant colonel last week. . . . Only \$275 has been raised so far by the committee aiding Mrs. Henry Bacon, impoverished widow of the architect of the Lincoln Memorial. Bacon spent \$27,000 of his own money to perfect the memorial, which has become the most popular of all public monuments.

W- York-Chicago trip.

US,

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LONDON'S LINCOLN TOWER

What is the history of the Lincoln Tower in London?

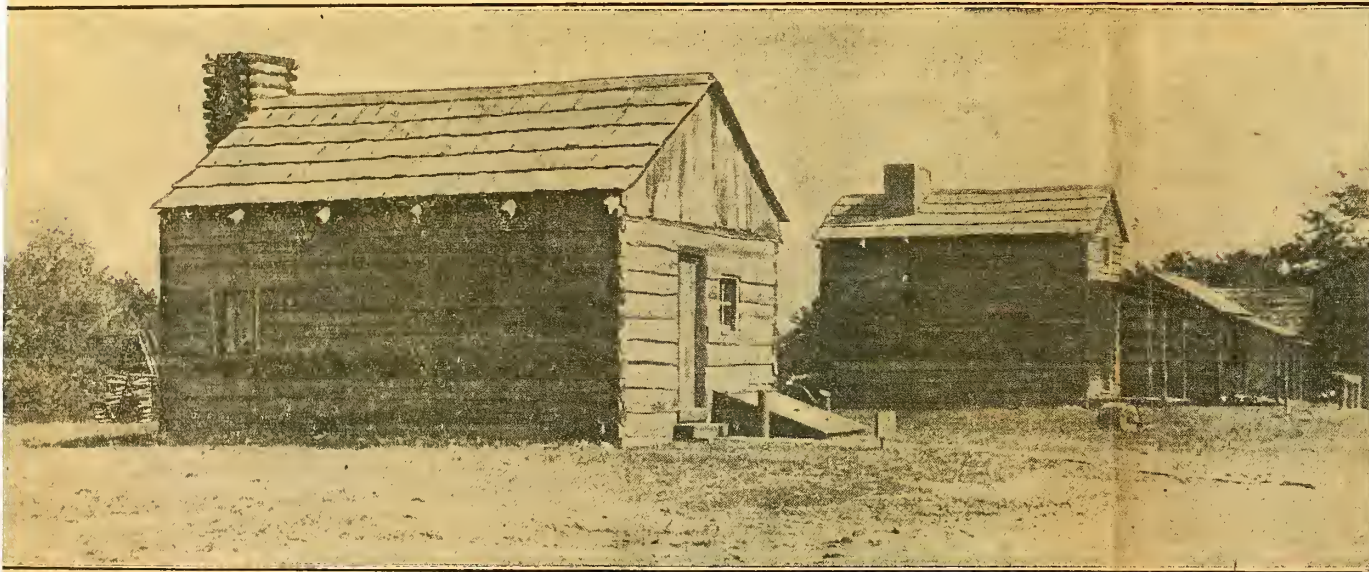
E. B. N.

Americans subscribed approximately \$17,500 to build this 250-foot tower surmounting Christ's Church in Westminster, Bridge, Lambeth, south of the Thames in London. Robert Todd Lincoln, son of the President, was U. S. Ambassador to Great Britain from 1889 to 1893 and he dedicated the memorial.

Its shaft, encircled by red stripes and white stars, has been the target several times for Nazi incendiary bombs.

IS FAMILY ALLOWANCE

Restored Cabins in Lincoln Village of New Salem to Be Dedicated by Gov. Horner at Ceremony This Week



[TRIBUNE Photo.]

RESTORED VILLAGE OF NEW SALEM WHERE LINCOLN SPLIT RAILS IS READY FOR DEDICATION BY GOV. HORNER THIS WEEK.

The main street of the partially restored village of New Salem, where Abraham Lincoln began his public career. The restored cabins, from left to right, are: Dr. Francis Regnier's home and office, Samuel Hill's residence, Hill-McNamar store, and the Berry-Lincoln store and tavern. The townsite, now a state park of about 200 acres, is to be dedicated this week.

AN HISTORIC DOCUMENT Abraham Lincoln's Saloon License

Springfield, Monday, March 6, 1855

Ordered that William F. Berry, in the name of Berry and Lincoln, have a license to keep a tavern in New Salem to continue twelve months from this date, and that they pay one dollar in addition to the six dollars heretofore paid as per Treasurer's receipt, and that they be allowed the following rates, viz:

French Brandy, per half-pint, . . .	25
Peach Brandy, per half-pint, . . .	18 1/2
Apple Brandy, per half-pint, . . .	12
Holland wine, per half-pint, . . .	18 1/2
Domestic Wine, per half-pint, . . .	12 1/2
Wine, per half-pint, . . .	25
Rum, per half-pint, . . .	18 1/2
Whisky, per half-pint, . . .	12 1/2
Breakfast, Dinner or Supper, . . .	25
Lodging, per night, . . .	12 1/2
Horse, per night, . . .	25
Single Feed, . . .	12 1/2
Breakfast, Dinner or Supper for Stage (Coach) Passengers, . . .	37 1/2

Who gave bond as required by law.

For and in behalf of the County of Sangamon, Illinois, I, Clerk of the County Court, do hereby certify that the within license was duly granted to the said Berry and Lincoln, and that they have given bond as required by law.

Know all men by these presents:

We, William F. Berry, Abraham Lincoln and John Bowling Green, are held and firmly bound unto the County Commissioners of Sangamon County in the full sum of three hundred dollars, to which payment well and truly to be made we bind ourselves, our heirs, executors and administrators firmly by these presents, sealed with our seal and dated this 6th day of March, A. D. 1855. Now the condition of this obligation is such that, whereas the said Berry and Lincoln have obtained a license from the County Commissioners Court to keep a tavern in the Town of New Salem to continue one year. Now if the said Berry and Lincoln shall be of good behavior and observe all the laws of this State relative to tavern keepers, then this obligation to be void or otherwise remain in full force.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, [SEAL]
WILLIAM F. BERRY, [SEAL]
HOWLING GREEN, [SEAL]

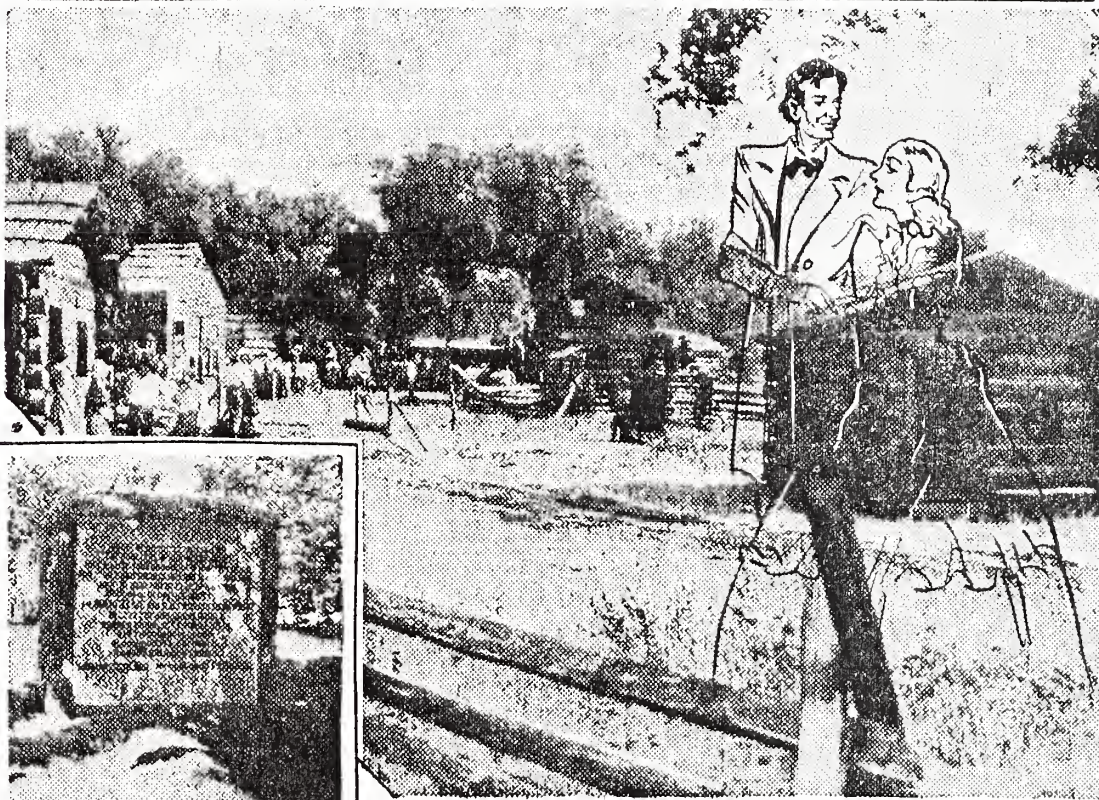


[TRIBUNE Photo.]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN LICENSED TO SELL LIQUOR IN NEW SALEM TAVERN.

Facsimile of historic document revealing Abraham Lincoln as a saloonkeeper. The license states the prices to be charged for drinks as well as for meals and lodging at the tavern. Lincoln's partners were W. F. Berry and John Bowling Green.

WHERE LINCOLN COURTED BEAUTIFUL ANN RUTLEDGE



This photo shows the rehabilitated town of Old Salem, Ill., where Abraham Lincoln lived for eight years, and where he courted the

beautiful Ann Rutledge. The tombstone on the grave of Ann Rutledge at Petersburg, Ill., is pictured, left.

S The glass-salvage drive will be
on soon. The manufacturers
want it known that old glass is
as useful to them in the making
of new glass products as scrap
iron is to steel manufacturers
making new steel products. . . .
n Jock Lawrence, the former Hol-
lywood publicist who has been
a member of Lord Louis Mount-
batten's staff for the past year,
was promoted to lieutenant colo-
nel last week. . . . Only \$275 has
been raised so far by the com-
mittee aiding Mrs. Henry Bacon,
impoverished widow of the archi-
tect of the Lincoln Memorial.
Bacon spent \$27,000 of his own
money to perfect the memorial,
which has become the most pop-
ular of all public monuments.

W- York-Chicago trip.

US,

a-

LONDON'S LINCOLN TOWER

What is the history of the
Lincoln Tower in London?

E. B. N.

t- Americans subscribed ap-
r- proximately \$17,500 to build this
e, 250-foot tower surmounting
Christ's Church in Westminster
s, Bridge, Lambeth, south of the
h, Thames in London.

or Robert Todd Lincoln, son of
g the President, was U. S. Am-
ls bassador to Great Britain from
ll 1889 to 1893 and he dedicated
l- the memorial.

Its shaft, encircled by red
l, stripes and white stars, has been
h, the target several times for
Nazi incendiary bombs.

3S FAMILY ALLOWANCE

ABRAHAM LINCOLN - ARISTOCRAT

A Lecture

This address sets forth the geneology and nativity of both Abraham Lincoln, and his wife, Mary Todd, and establishes him, not as the descendant of "Poor White Trash" and illiteracy, as is commonly believed, but as a man justly entitled to a place in the ranks of American Aristocracy, by right of heritage, combined with environment by marriage.

This discussion creates a challenge to educators and students, who teach, or are taught, to believe that the Emancipator came from the unknown; and the Psychologists and Psychiatrists who battle for or against the theory of his mentality being without influence.

This lecture is the result of years of research to formulate the screen story for the motion picture "Lincoln, The Life of One American", now being produced for educational purposes.

Delivery is by Jack W. Worth, motion picture producer, author, and historian.

This theme requires one hour and thirty minutes in its delivery, and two plans are suggested;

- 1st. - The most efficient delivery method is to divide the subject into two periods. The first period dealing with the geneology and nativity of Lincoln; the second with the same factors as related to Mary Todd, and a summary of both.

This plan suggests itself as ideal for delivery to institute, academic, or serious student audiences.

- 2nd. - Here we suggest the allotment of sufficient time for the entire discussion in one period; or a shortening of the discussion to meet the time allotment available of NOT LESS than FORTY-FIVE minutes.

Bookings are now being arranged for the 1936-37 season. Write, stating type and size of prospective audience, and which of the above plans is preferred, and fee will be quoted.

ADDRESS REPLY TO: WORTH EDUCATIONAL FILMS
Petersburg, Illinois

Irene Nicholson, Secretary

* * * * *

Means Plenty. 6/30/36

Sangamon, a word so often mentioned in connection with Lincoln's life, means "plenty" in the Potawatomi tongue. Ill. St. Journal

613276

"Romance Of The Way," Written By Fred Trent Of Petersburg, Is Inspired By Old Lincoln Trail

Editor's Note—Fred Trent of Petersburg has written the following soliloquy on the Lincoln trail—the path that Abraham Lincoln followed from New Salem to Petersburg, as he walked into town to borrow law books from his friends. It is called "The Romance of the Way."

I fancy myself standing at the brink of New Salem's bluff near the Indian mound looking east. It is a balmy day of early spring. Frogs croak about the upper waters of the quiet dammed-up Sangamon and near at hand a robin is industriously pulling at a worm. Below, the waters fall in a monotonous roar over the newly-built dam. The screeching of the wooden wheel of the little grist mill recurs at regular intervals. Above the dam is the splash of a vigorous pike. A ferry boat, cumbrous but comedious, is lashed to a piling awaiting passengers. Yonder through the river bottom woods winds a boggy trail through giant sycamores and lordly cottonwoods. Across yonder the hills of Macedonia, and methinks that as another call came to Paul to that ancient Macedonia so one comes to me to this Macedonia of the Sangamon bluff.

I am ferried across the river. I splash through the mud of the river road. I climb the sandy hill beyond. I hear the happy shouts of children and find them just let loose from school. The crude schoolhouse of Macedonia is of logs as all others of the backwoods were. It is poorly lighted and doubtless if I had gone inside I would have found it poorly ventilated. But these niceties were forgotten in the eager search for learning. On Sunday it was used as a meeting house by the "Hard Shelled Baptists" who abounded in those parts.

The building was quaintly set at the foot of a little knoll near a pond of water. Blackberry briars hedged it about as did the forest about the enchanted castle. Virginia creeper vines just putting forth the tender green of spring, became blazes of glory in autumn. Hickory trees abounded upon these upland flats and red squirrels held high carnival when the hickory nuts ripened. It was a goodly land.

On a few miles more, I come to another schoolhouse in the same district and a church. This was the Oak Ridge church and the school was called Franklin.

From this point the road dips towards the south towards the Sangamon valley again. I pass under oak trees arched over the way, bent, I am told, by the weight of wild pigeons. I pass the cabin of Baxter

B. Berry and the primitive family graveyard. Pioneers die young many times, such is the arduous toil of the wilderness.

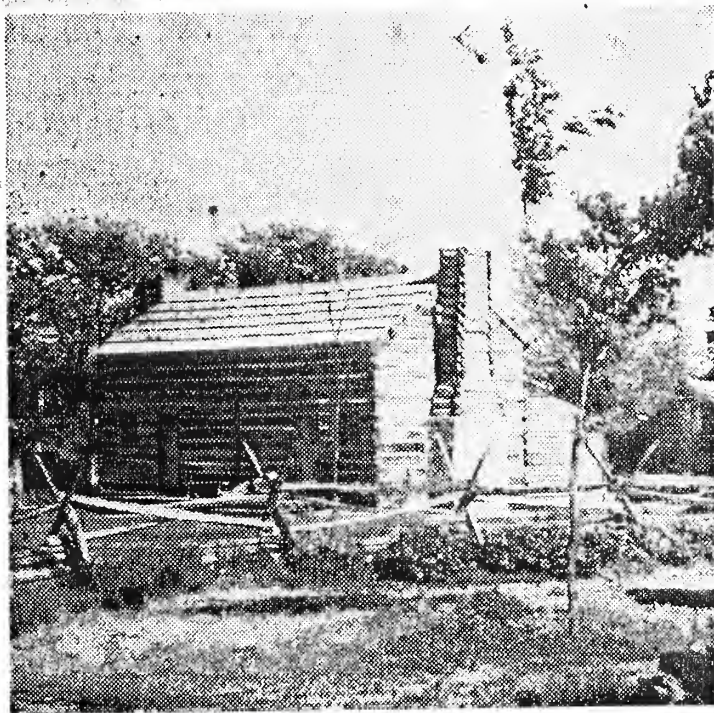
I come to a creek of no mean size. I know it well for I am young. I know its legends of buried gold and counterfeiting and tragedy. I think of the cabbage patch in its rich valley, forever gone due to a flood. I know its low water where snipe abound and its deep holes where are sunfish, crawfish, and minnows. Catch them if you can. I know its pebbly bottoms and its shale banks where I get soapstone for pencil making. Happy, laughing, haunting, Van Noy creek!

I leave its lures behind and climb the Carney hill. Memories of mud, yellow mud! I hear the lonely jangle of cow bells, I hear a scream—I know it's a panther. For the "panthers" did indeed prowl these lonely wastes in that day. I hear the hoot of owls, eyrie and persistent. I see the lurking red fox bound across the path. I see in the last light of day the flowers—flowers? Yes—gentians, fiery paint root, orchids—that dainty lady's slipper, ferns and lacy sumac. It is growing too late to pick flowers so I must hasten on.

I reach that sporadic settlement of woodchoppers—cuckleville. I have no time to examine the ancient mounds near at hand for that panther may be following me.

I arrive at the limits of Athens, passing its already partly-filled cemetery—the inevitable Acre of God. Even here in this struggling village, with its scattered stores, with its mill and its postoffice. But the hour has grown late. I shall not retrace my steps today. I shall sleep in Athens.

Where Lincoln Wooed First Love



Rutledge Tavern, where Abraham Lincoln courted Ann Rutledge, is one of the buildings in reconstructed New Salem, "the Lincoln Village," State Park, 20 miles northwest of Springfield, Ill.

ceremonies, starting with a program speaking at the Women's Club, the Board of Education and the pastor there. Gash noon.

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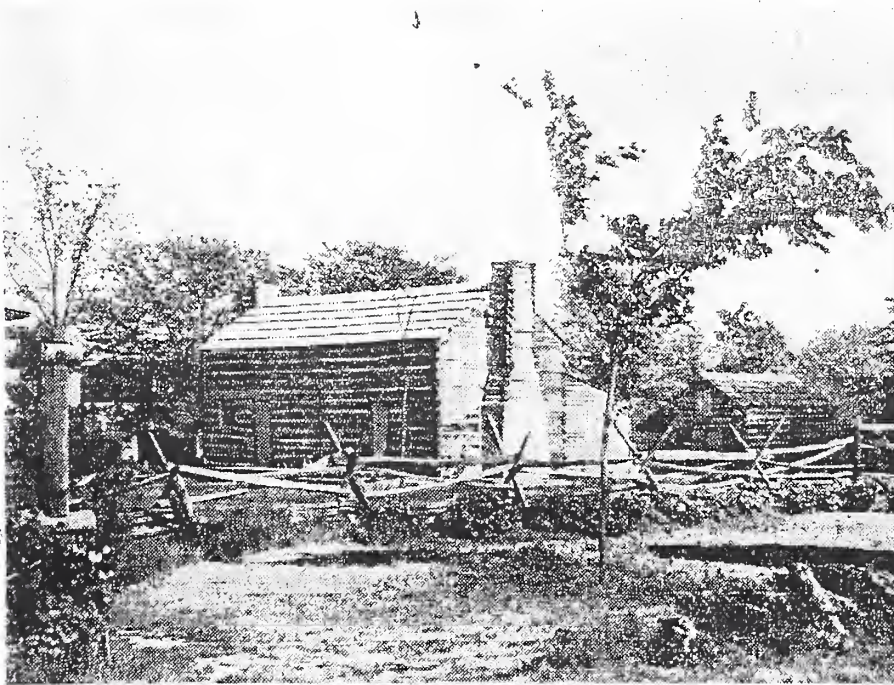
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Offers



IN ILLINOIS' 'LINCOLN VILLAGE'

Rutledge Tavern, where Abraham Lincoln courted Ann Rutledge, is one of the buildings in reconstructed New Salem, the Lincoln Village State Park, 20 miles northwest of Springfield, Ill.

'Lincoln Village' Mecca For Visitors in Illinois

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., July 20.—Illinois is truly "The Lincoln Country." It was in Illinois that the immortal Civil War President grew to his full stature, and the influence of the rugged frontier life in New Salem, and his struggles to succeed despite almost overwhelming odds, enabled him to face the black days of the War between the States with courage and determination.

Visitors to Illinois today see on all sides the reverence with which his memory is held. Most impressive of all Lincoln Memorials is the "Lincoln Village"—New Salem—twenty miles northwest of Springfield, the State Capitol. It was at New Salem that Lincoln entered politics, little dreaming that his career was to culminate as President of the United States.

Visitors to New Salem today, see the entire village as it appeared during the years Abraham Lincoln lived there. Following the winding footpaths along the dirt road, leading from one log cabin past others to the central commons across which

the Berry-Lincoln store and Rutledge Tavern face each other, it is difficult to believe that just beyond the hill is a modern concrete highway, with its constant flow of motor cars.

Each building is built upon the exact site of the original, and each is an authentic reproduction of its predecessor. So faithful has the reconstruction been done that few visitors can distinguish between the original building which housed Henry Onstott's cooperage, and the rebuilt Onstott home next door. The cabins are furnished as they originally appeared, even to the stocks of merchandise on the shelves of the store operated by Abraham Lincoln.

In Springfield, Illinois, are the Lincoln Home and Tomb, which annually attract thousands of visitors from all over the world to pay homage to the memory of Abraham Lincoln.

Tours and Travels

Florida Resort Reports Summer Business Jump

ST. PETERSBURG, Fla., July 20.—An increase of 55 percent over last year in this resort's summer business is the result of the resurgent newspaper campaign directed against the target of the

BANNER TOUR

California Visitors to See Aquaplane Race

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(This Lincoln story is written by Pat Redmond who has been prevailed upon to assist in keeping up the column. We hope with his help to present each week something of the life and times of this great American. We also cordially invite the help of others.)

When James Rutledge and John Cameron started to lay out the site of the town of New Salem, Illinois, in 1829 they had high hopes for its future, but little dreamed that over a hundred years later it would be dedicated as a national shrine to a great American. Greater still would have been their amazement had they known that the tall young man who walked down its main street on election day with many funny stories and the name of Abraham Lincoln would be the means of its perpetuation.

This small village, now open to all who may desire to stop there in their travels through Illinois—"The Lincoln Country"—had profound effect on Abraham Lincoln. It was here he met the school teacher, Mentor Graham, Judge Bowling Green, and the man who loved to fish and dream, Jack Kelso. These men gave him a chance for learning and he was quick to grasp that opportunity.

It was in New Salem that by accident Lincoln purchased a barrel of knick-knacks from a family passing through, and among other things found one of Blackstone's famous books on law, and so was pointed to a career that would give him a state wide reputation, and an opportunity to meet those he liked best, "the common folk."

Here Lincoln met and loved Ann Rutledge, only to have their romance end in her untimely death which penned a tragic note to Lincoln's stay in New Salem.

When you enter the restored village of New Salem today you will find it to be as it was when Lincoln came there in 1831. The Rutledge Tavern, Berry-Hill store, and the homes of the people which made up its social life. Among these are the homes of Dr. Allen, one of the village doctors, and Henry Onsott, the village cooper, besides others. Rail fences have been restored and over all are some of the trees that are rooted deep in the days of "Honest Abe."

No one who believes in the democratic way and the hope it holds for all American youth, whether in city or village, will want to miss visiting New Salem, Illinois.

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

BY HOWARD VINCENT O'BRIEN

IN THE Springfield office of C. Herrick Hammond, state architect, I had an opportunity to examine the drawings from which sprang his reconstruction of New Salem.

Until one has seen these, one cannot appreciate the tremendous amount of toilsome research that went into the log cabins of New Salem. Everything is as historically accurate as scholarship and patience can make it. New Salem, today, is as it was when Abraham Lincoln lived there—except, perhaps, for the condition of the meadows.

It is Hammond's contention that there were no lawn-mowers in those days; and that the grass was allowed to reach its full growth.

Controversy

New Salem is now out of the architect's jurisdiction; and has become a state park. The park authorities insist on cutting the grass.

It is a minor issue, of course. It may be that the pioneers kept sheep; and that they (the sheep) kept the meadows clipped.

New Salem is an interesting demonstration of the influence that geography has on the ways of men. Its primitive cabins are in striking contrast with the baronial mansion built by Hercules Louis Dousman at Prairie du Chien in 1826.

Most of the people in New Salem lived in one-room houses. Only the town Croesus had a two-story cabin.

Geography

Virtually everything in New Salem was made of wood—even to the gears and shafts of the carding mill. In the Dousman mansion, the great doors hang on bronze hinges, so exquisitely wrought that to this day they open at the touch of a finger.

The implements of New Salem were few and rough. Of embellishment it had none.

Hercules Dousman, on the other hand, surrounded himself with paintings, sculpture, a grand piano and a considerable library.

Why was Prairie du Chien—and Menard, for that matter—so far ahead of New Salem? The answer, obviously, is that the people who settled on the banks of the Sangamon had traveled slowly and painfully westward; while Pierre Menard and the seigneur of Prairie du Chien were on the banks of the Mississippi and were in relatively close touch with New Orleans.

Molding Men

Another reason is that men like Menard and Dousman were French, on intimate and friendly terms with the Indians, albeit most of the profit in the fur trade went to them and not to the Indians.

Why was French colonial expansion less vigorous than the Anglo-Saxon? One answer is that it was much easier to cross the Alleghenies and float down the Ohio than it was to go in the opposite direction. The pioneers moved steadily westward because that marked the line of least resistance. For the French, however, the route of the Mississippi was the most direct to France.

1943

Now comes a new force to mold the ways of men. The airplane is quietly taking the Middle West out of the backwoods and putting it in the center of the world. Some day, perhaps, archaeologists will be reconstructing the ruins of seaports like New York, making them recreation parks for weekend tourists, with specially trained guides taking parties of the curious through subway and skyscraper.

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Just BROWSING



Lincoln—and Ourselves— at New Salem, Illinois

"The State Parks: Their Meaning in American Life" offers, in addition to a general discussion of state parks, descriptive chapters on 74 state parks, among them New Salem, northwest of Springfield, Ill. In preparation for writing this book, Freeman Tilden, its author, traveled more than 40,000 miles and visited hundreds of parks. Since 1940, Mr. Tilden has been a consultant in the office of the director of the National Park Service. Today's column appears by permission of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., publisher of "The State Parks."

BY FREEMAN TILDEN

ABRAM LINCOLN, 22, came into New Salem "like a piece of floating driftwood." Those were his own words. It was an apt simile, for the flatboat that he was piloting down the Sangamon river on the way to New Orleans stranded upon the dam of the Rutledge and Camron saw-and-grist mill at this spot. He came ashore and looked at the little "town," just under 3 years old and typical of the restless, venturesome real estate speculations that were mushrooming in the country's new west. Here the young Lincoln stayed for six years. Here he swung a hearty ax, clerked in a general store, enlisted for the Black Hawk Indian skirmish, went bankrupt, was appointed postmaster, and entered politics.

And what a pushing, enterprising, fortune-seeking period it was, surely! Rutledge, a South Carolinian, and Camron from Georgia, looking at the booming wilderness with discerning and hopeful eyes, find a little plateau overlooking the Sangamon valley. This is the place! This location on the bluff will be a good spot for homes, and a mill here will attract settlers looking for house lots. A commodious tavern will give an air of distinction.



It may be that Lincoln is one of the very few great figures that have not gone out of our orbit of kinship because he always retained an essential humility and a homely human approach, always kept a delightful sense of humor and a feel for the comic. During the terrible years of 1861-65, he told some of the best stories heard by anyone, just as he had told them in New Salem, Ill., three decades before. Speaking for myself, my visit to New Salem State park awakened in me an intimate sympathy with Abraham Lincoln, a sense that now at last I understood the man, a feeling I had never quite had before.

THE LINCOLN of the beautiful memorial in Washington is grand, indeed—but I could never see myself reflected in that heroic figure. But the Lincoln of the statue—ax in one hand and a book in the other—in New Salem State park is a Lincoln that could have been myself. . . . There are millions who will feel as I do; I know I am on safe ground in speaking for them. They will find something of themselves when they walk the streets of this adroitly reconstructed village, which is at once the scene of Lincoln's young manhood, and also a precious picture of a pioneering era in which America faced west.

The superintendent at New Salem said to me: "We have curiously little vandalism in this park—not even scribbling on the walls and that sort of thing. I suppose it may be because of a certain reverence for Lincoln's memory in the minds of all kinds of people." Yes; that certainly has something to do with it. If the place were merely a historical reconstruction of a town, perhaps it might be altogether different. But I feel that something prompts even chronic offenders to decline to vandalize their own persons. For all this is, as I have said, something of themselves.

What was needed was exactly what has been achieved in New Salem State park—the introduction of today's mobile Americans into the little three-dimension world in which young Lincoln lived during those six formative years. To do this, the village itself had to be re-created, cabin for cabin, shop for shop, as it looked when the young man came ashore from his stranded flatboat. It is, then, frankly a reproduction, but one done with such skill that at least one visitor—the only one for whom this writer can absolutely vouch—was swept back a century and a half as he walked the streets. At the entrance to the village a pair of oxen, drawing a Conestoga wagon, might have swayed along with the unconcerned diligence of their kind; in "skid row," down at the farther end, roisterers and rollickers might have been drinking hard liquor in Clary's "grocery." In my mind's eye they all came to life unforgettably.

THE VISITOR'S pleasant walk thru New Salem reveals 13 cabins, the tavern, and 10 shops, besides a school where church services were held. One of these buildings happens to be the very one Lincoln knew. This is the Onstot cooper shop.

It was with Onstot's son Isaac that, according to legend, young Lincoln studied at night by the light of a fire of coopers' shavings. A few years after Lincoln left town, this building was moved to Petersburg. In 1922 it came back to New Salem and, stripped of the "fancying up" it had acquired, was placed on its original site.

Not a single cabin, not a single shop, not a square yard of this Sangamon bluff hamlet, is without its sense of the presence of young Lincoln—of him whose education had been "by littles," but whose ambition, tho vague and wavering, was to "amount to something."

All the cabins and shops are furnished with the articles in use in the days of the booming village. Some, in fact, are unquestionably the very ones that saw service when Lincoln was there.

When you pass behind the high mound of earth that separates the parking lot from the early 19th century, you are not merely with Abraham Lincoln, but with the roving, eager settlers of his pioneer day and acquaintance.

no one ever dines. The Onstott copper shop no longer arouses the echoes with the construction of barrels. The Offut general store is without patrons. The visitor to New Salem is alone except for impressive memories, for no one lives in the old town.

The State of Illinois, as if by a magic wand, has re-created an extinct village, but it cannot bring to life the early residents. Their places can be taken only by chance visitors—those who troop here by the thousands annually and from all quarters of the globe to the shrine of Abraham Lincoln.

Rebuilt as Memorial

The replica of old Salem has an especial appeal as the anniversary of Lincoln's birth draws near. It is surrounded by scenic grandeur, even during the winter season, that imposes silence and soberness, even without the aid of sacred associations. From the veranda of the newly built museum of stone, erected by the commonwealth on the bluff upon which the old settlement stood, the tourist gazes over a rich valley. The suggestion is of incomparable peace. In the distance appear gently rolling hills, while nearer, framing the vista on the right and left, are lofty bluffs, as densely wooded as they were in Lincoln's time.

Yet the scene that greets the eye today is far distant from that in 1833. Then there was activity and life. The hum of the spinning wheel was heard in log cabins, which now are silent. Then ox carts came and went with their loads from the farms or with products from the general store or mill. A primitive citizenry engaged in their humble and prosaic occupations, little dreaming of the immortal fame that would come to the clerk in the single center of trade and who was the champion wrestler and the courtier of Andrew Jackson. Rutledge the prince of the bar

MR. LINCOLN'S EARLY STRUGGLES.

He who observed Abraham Lincoln's life from boyhood to manhood might have appropriately applied to him Tennyson's expressive phrase, "And breasts the blows of circumstances." The blows were severe, for the circumstances were hostile. The poverty of his parents allowed him to attend school only at intervals, when he could be spared from the log cabin and the corn patch. His father and mother encouraged him to learn, but they could not give him a school attendance of more than a single year during his whole boyhood. But he made the best use of his rare opportunities.

"One of his teachers," says Mr. Chittenden, in his "Personal Reminiscences," "remembers him as his most eager and diligent scholar, arrayed in a buckskin suit, with a cap made from the skin of a raccoon, coming with a worn-out arithmetic in his hands to begin his studies in the 'higher branches.'"

He was intense and thorough. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," was the counsel that controlled him. He took the first steps in writing and speaking correctly by memorizing a book on grammar. Meeting the word "demonstrate," he found that it meant to prove so as to exclude doubt.

"What is it to prove?" he asked. He had never heard of a work on logic, but he got hold of "Euclid," and solved all its problems. When he had gone through its geometrical demonstrations, he knew what it meant to prove a thing.

A book on land-surveying fell into his hands. He became interested in it; then he studied it, and became a land surveyor.

He had acquired the mental habit, a rare one, of doing thoroughly whatever he undertook. But at twenty-two he had no trade or occupation, and he had failed in every business he had undertaken. He had been a farm hand, a ferryman, a flat boatman, a clerk in a country store and the superintendent of a flour mill. He had been sold on twice by the sheriff—once while keeping a country store, and again when doing business as a land surveyor.

But in spite of his failures, he was known as "Honest Abe Lincoln." He gained the reputation by the integrity which marked his dealings. The man who, at the last sheriff's sale, bought Lincoln's horse, compass and other instruments was almost a stranger; but he sent them all back to him with the kindly message to "pay for them when he was able."

Once a woman, living four miles from his store, bought several articles and paid for them. After she had departed, Lincoln discovered that he had overcharged her thirty cents. Instead of waiting until she had complained of the overcharge, he walked to her home and returned the three dimes.

Mr. Chittenden tells this anecdote to illustrate the scrupulosity of the man. A new post-office was established, and young Abe was appointed postmaster. So small was the amount of money received that the government neglected to call for its payment until he had relinquished the office and was a lawyer in Springfield.

A friend, thinking it might be inconvenient for Lincoln to pay the money, offered to advance the sum. Lincoln declined the kind offer, and to satisfy his friend drew out from his desk an old stocking containing the identical coins which he had received in payment of postage. The friend was surprised, for Lincoln was then very poor; but he was not poor enough to use one penny of the money which belonged to the United States.

Town collectors who lend the money received for taxes and pocket the interest; trustees and treasurers of churches who deposit trust funds to their private account and bank thereupon, may think Lincoln Quixotic; but men of old-fashioned integrity will say, "He did just as he ought to have done."

We knew one of these old-fashioned men. His firm, during the panic of "Black Friday," was paying eighteen per cent. for money; yet he had in his safe fifty thousand dollars of trust funds.

"I was sure of myself," he said to the writer, "but I was not sure of my partner—therefore I did not tell him."

Subsequently Lincoln began to travel on the highway of success. "His luck has turned," said his friends. Tennyson expresses the idea in a more poetic form—"And grasps the skirts of happy chance." But had he not been *thorough*, and had he not breast "the blows of circumstances," he would have been, what hundreds complain of being, the creature of circumstances. He made circumstances his creatures, and he became the nation's leader and the slave's emancipator.

New Salem Doctor Was Early Adviser Of Abraham Lincoln

Editor's note—In the following article, Rev. Grant Mason, pastor of Petersburg Central Presbyterian church, reveals a new insight into the formative period of Abraham Lincoln's life. The pastor calls attention to the friendship of Dr. John Allen, New Salem physician and the youth who afterwards became president of the United States. Rev. Mr. Mason's story is timely for Doctor Allen was one of the founders of the Petersburg church which will celebrate its centennial, this week.

By GRANT MASON.

One hundred years ago, in central Illinois, there was a little village called New Salem. It was situated on the brow of a hill which semi-circled itself from west to east to north. Far down below the hill on the eastern end curved

the Sangamon river. Down this river flat boats frequently coursed their way in the springtime, carrying products from the interior out to the Illinois river, the Mississippi river and down to New Orleans.

In 1831 such a boat came down the Sangamon with its cargo. One of the pilots on that boat was Abraham Lincoln. And when the Lincoln flat boat came to the Rutledge-Cameron mills dam at New Salem it stuck on the ridge of the dam as Lincoln attempted to pilot it over.

Select Village Site.

Some few years before, Cameron and Rutledge had selected the New Salem site as an advantageous point to build a mill and a village. One of the first settlers in the village was Dr. John Allen, a man of

many parts, who became the leading physician to the sick and suffering of the village and of the surrounding country side.

Thomas P. Reep in his "Lincoln at New Salem" describes Dr. John Allen, one of the leading citizens of the community, as "a member of the Presbyterian church, and a very earnest Christian." Says Mr. Reep, "Like Abraham of old he was a 'devout man' with the zeal of missionary and the heart of crusader. When starting in his profession he was much troubled about whether or not he should practice medicine on Sunday, and finally compromised the matter

with his conscience by ministering to the sick on that day, but devoting to the work of the Lord the fees he earned. As soon as he had established himself here he organized a Sunday school and prayer meeting, which he held at the house of those religiously inclined, and at the log school house. He also organized a temperance society, pledging its members to total abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquor for beverage purposes. . . . As the use of liquor was common, and whiskey was kept in almost every household, and regarded by many as a panacea for most of the ills that human flesh was heir to, and was sold by all the groceries at 25 and 30 cents a gallon, it can well be imagined that Doctor Allen's temperance propaganda met with violent opposition."

Becomes Lincoln's Friend.

This deeply spiritual man became one of Lincoln's closest and most trusted friends. He became Lincoln's spiritual adviser and pastor, though only a layman of the church.

When Lincoln's boat stuck on the dam he went up to the village and secured the assistance of the men of the village in freeing it. He immediately fell in love with the village and its people and determined on his return from New Orleans to settle down at New Salem and go into business. This he did in the fall of 1831, becoming the clerk and manager for Denton Offutt in his store. Subsequently he bought Offutt out

and was in business with a man named Berry as his partner. The firm failed and Lincoln was many years in paying off the indebtedness.

Store Near Office.

The Lincoln Berry store was located just diagonally across the street from Doctor Allen's home and office. A great locust tree stood in front of the store. There Lincoln liked to lay and read law from the Blackstone volumes which he had found in the bottom of the barrel. He liked store-keeping because it allowed him time to read and talk with neighbors and study. Under the locust tree he studied Kirkam's grammar, Mentor Graham, the village school master, being his instructor. There he pondered the mysteries of mathematics and surveying. There, under the locust tree he and Doctor Allen spent long hours in conversation during the quiet time of the day as Lincoln waited for customers and Doctor Allen waited for patients, discussing the moral and spiritual things of life.

Sees Lincoln Rise.

During the six years of Lincoln's life at New Salem Doctor Allen saw him made postmaster, with his postal desk in the front of the Lincoln-Berry store. He saw him shut the store early one evening to take a ten mile walk to return the excess charge to a widow whom he had overcharged on a purchase. He saw Lincoln wrestle with Jack Armstrong of the Clary Grove gang. He saw Lincoln win the

Clary Grove boy's heart and friendship for life. He saw Lincoln elected captain of the New Salem company in the Black Hawk war. He saw Lincoln fall in love with Ann Rutledge and when Ann died Doctor Allen was one of Lincoln's two counsellors. Says Mr. Reep, "During the dark days following Ann Rutledge's death he visited Lincoln at the home of Bowling Green, and ministered to his sick soul as well as his body. With his heart full of sympathy for his suffering friend, and the wise patience of a saint, gained Lincoln's confidence and helped him the better to understand the 'Eternal verities of God.'"

Doctor Allen, in the formative New Salem years (practically all of Lincoln's biographers now say that the New Salem years were the foundation years in the building of Lincoln's character), saw Lincoln grow from a rough, untrained lad into a steady and wise and likeable young man. He saw him become surveyor and lawyer. He saw him elected to the legislature sitting in Vandalia; saw the villagers bid him a sad, wet-eyed farewell as he left for Springfield to take up his residence there preparatory to going to Washington. Doctor Allen loved this growing boy as a son.

Even as Mentor Graham was Lincoln's scholastic instructor, having urged him on his arrival at the village to take up further learning since he could only cipher to the rule of three, so, Doctor Allen was Lincoln's spiritual instructor. Two decades before Lin-

coln had been born of a Godly mother. In the early years of Lincoln's life she had implanted in his soul an abiding reverence for the Almighty. She had urged him to "Be somethin' Abe, be somethin'." But the seed she planted had never been watered and tended by "Appolos and Paul." Doctor Allen watered and tended the spiritual seed in Lincoln's soul. He precipitated Lincoln's spiritual thoughts.

Learned From Minister.

While associated with Doctor Allen, Lincoln made his famous declaration against human slavery. During these years he learned charity and love. He established strong convictions of justice and prudence. He determined to rule liquor out of his life. In later years Lincoln looked at Doctor Allen, pointed his finger to him and said, "There sits the man to whom I am indebted for my ideas upon the liquor question, and I desire publicly to acknowledge the same and to say that I am glad, yes, very glad indeed, that I ever met him."

Lincoln left New Salem, Doctor Allen, and his New Salem friends in the fall of 1837 to go to Springfield. Shortly after his departure interest began to center around the railroad which had come through the valley at a point two miles north of New Salem hill. From that time on the New Salem village dwindled in size and importance as the citizens, one by one, took up their residence in the new town on the railroad, Petersburg, and its surrounding country side. Doctor Allen, himself, moved to Petersburg in a couple of years. But he did not forget, when he left the sacred spot. He did not leave behind him his spiritual zeal and excellences. Doctor Allen took with him from New Salem the same spiritual fervor and strength of character with which he had influenced Lincoln. He came to be the leading spiritual force in the new town of Petersburg as he had been on New Salem hill.

Form New Church.

Doctor Allen became the charter elder of the newly formed Presbyterian church of Petersburg. An itinerant minister, Rev. Thomas Galt, was coming frequently to Petersburg and in 1839 Doctor Allen joined Rev. Mr. Galt in forming a Presbyterian church.

In an old, yellowed and faded record book, which is now kept in the vaults of the Central Presbyterian church of Petersburg there appears on the first page of the book, in Doctor Allens handwriting, this record:

Records of the Presbyterian Church of Petersburg.

In December 1839 a number of persons met agreeably to previous notice in Petersburg, Menard Co. Ills. and were organized into a church, by Rev. Thomas Galt of Prairie Creek, by the name of

Petersburg Presbyterian church, under the care of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States of America.

The following individuals united by letter, viz:

James White, sr., John Allen, Parthenia Hill, from North Sangamon church. Z. Hallock, 2 Ch., Springfield, Ill. Richard Dey from Presby. Ch., Lawrenceville, N. J. Catherine Conover from Dutch Reformed Ch. of B. N. J.

The following persons were received on examination: Eli M. Hoff, William L. Conover, Pheby Conover, Lawrenah Conover.

The church then proceeded to the choice of elders which resulted in the election of John Allen, L. Z. Hallock who were then ordained ruling elders of the church.

Adjourned. Opened and closed with prayer.

John Allen, Clerk.

For two decades, thereafter, Doctor Allen ministered to this church as ruling elder, until his death. He served as clerk of the session until within a short time of his death. When there was no minister, and in those circuit riding days they were frequently without one, Doctor Allen led the Sunday school, conducted prayer meetings, expounded the Scriptures, visited the sick, counselled with the suffering and the sinners, and ministered to the church people with great effectiveness. He saw the little church increase, in his own life time, until it numbered tenfold its original constituency. He assisted in the erecting of a little white, frame structure for worship which served the congregation for many years. He fearlessly excommunicated the rebellious and irreligious, as pioneers of old were accustomed to do. He visited the recalcitrant and prayed with and exhorted them. Parthenia Hill, the wife of the wealthy former New Salem merchant, was his close ally in church affairs. But she was a woman of strong will and quick disposition and at times Doctor Allen became her spiritual mentor. Doctor Allen established the work of the Presbyterian branch of Christ's service on deep set rocks of Christian character in the hearts of his associates.

And today, because of the efforts of Doctor Allen, the Central Presbyterian church of Petersburg stands three hundred and fifty members strong, a power in the life of her community, a witness for Christ, and a refuge for the sinful man who seeks the forgiveness and blessings of his Lord.

From her doors, since that early day in 1839 when Doctor Allen led

in the organizing of the church, many boys and girls have gone out from her doors into the world to take up their Christian labors in other and larger churches. Because Doctor Allen established firmly in her infancy reverence for God and humanity to man, this church of Christ has followed her riser Lord in the promulgation of His Kingdom.

She is proud to have known that her first son, Doctor Allen, was the spiritual teacher to her nation's emancipation president. She is proud that she has had this son to preach the Gospel and go about, a disciple of the Son of God, ministering to the needs of man's sin sick souls and bodies.

As she observes her centennial year she bows in tribute to this first son, a layman, Dr. John Allen. And to him she pays her tribute for his perseverance in the faith of Jesus Christ.

Growing Veneration Prompts Strange and Not Admirable Consequences.

Manufacture of Relics—The Disgracefully Neglected Tomb—A Bogus Marriage License—Mistakes of History—The Almanac Fiction—Lincoln's Home—Havoc Wrought by a Political Custodian.

Special Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., September 11.—Lincoln's tomb is a monument of disgrace to Illinois. A spirit of tasteful pride is fast making Springfield one of the most beautiful of state capitals. The magnificent building which houses the government was in the days of approaching completion described as a palace in a cornfield. Since then the city surrounding has been improved to worthiness of the setting. With paved streets well shaded, a look of general thrift in the business center and long vistas of pretty homes in well-kept grounds, it now corresponds to a noble capitol which has no superior in massive symmetry and in convenient adaptation to its purposes, and is exceeded in liberal expenditure by only one other building of the kind, that at Albany. Springfield is an honor to the state. But in strange contrast to all else that commands admiration is the condition of the tomb. Illinois assumed a sacred trust when the question of the disposition of the remains of the martyred President was settled. That trust has not been kept. The friends of Lincoln feel the neglect keenly. They are anxious to see public sentiment aroused and the Legislature reminded of its duty. There is neither defense nor explanation of the neglect. When the custodian opens the grated doors and takes the visitors into first the crypt and then the memorial chamber, his introductory words are regretful. In the crypt the plaster has fallen from the arched roof, and, more than that, gaping crevices have opened in the brick masonry. A little longer of this inattention and the roof will cave down upon the floor under which, covered by concrete, are the caskets of President and Mrs. Lincoln.

On the other side of the burial crypt the memorial room is in scarcely better condition. With every rain the water comes through the vaulted roof. It has blackened and stained ceiling and walls. It has made a great blotch of the once bright colors of the coat of arms. Prevailing dampness has mildewed and rusted the none too numerous relics. In this chamber are kept the surveying instruments Lincoln as a young man used, the gun which failed to save the life of his grandfather in Kentucky when an Indian crept upon him at work on his farm, the great book in which every child in the public schools of Philadelphia wrote his or her name attached to the expression of sorrow at the time of death. The stone tablet which the Romans sent from the walls of the Eternal City to commemorate emancipation, likening the act of Lincoln to that of one of the early Emperors who freed the slaves, is in the chamber. The bronze bust of William the Silent, who died by assassination, has a place. The walls are covered with the memorials forwarded from all parts of the country. For such a collection of historical value the state is not manifesting sufficient care to keep the rain out.

The tomb cost \$270,000. This money, the most of it, was raised by voluntary contributions. Large sums came from the troops in the field, single companies contributing several hundred dollars. It is little enough that Illinois should maintain the granite pile in a state of tolerable repair. On the outside the cement has dropped from between the courses and many of the blocks

are out of line. Even the approaching walk is cracked and broken and uneven.

Four blocks to the eastward and the same distance south from the court house center of Springfield is the "Lincoln residence," as the plain board sign over the front door identifies it. The state has done a little better in the preservation of the home from which Mr. Lincoln went away to Washington in the spring of 1861 to be inaugurated President than it has in caring for the tomb. This house and lot on a corner represents about all that Mr. Lincoln ever owned. It was almost the only home he had. It grows in interest with the public. With the years a reverent desire to see where and how Lincoln lived spreads and strengthens. It brings to the house numbers of people, steadily increasing. And these visitors show a sentiment that is not idle curiosity. One of them, a man in middle life, was being shown through the rooms a few days ago by the custodian's wife, who was a little girl living on the next corner when Mr. Lincoln was practicing law in Springfield and who always depended upon him to take her to the circus. When they came to the upper room which was Mr. Lincoln's bed chamber, and upon the walls of which is still to be seen some of the paper which was there when Mr. Lincoln occupied it, the visitor stepped forward and kissed it.

"I can't help it," he said brokenly, as apology for his weakness.

Within the same week that this occurred an old man who was going through the house sat down in a chair and sobbed aloud. Then, as the tears fell, he told that he had known Mr. Lincoln in the Black-hawk war.

"He cried as he talked," said Mrs. Edwards, the wife of the custodian, "and almost before we knew it we found ourselves crying, too."

A clergyman from the East was a recent visitor. When he had seen all that was interesting he sat down and talked long about the character of Mr. Lincoln. He had a curious theory that in the days to come the world might recognize in the great personality almost a second Christ. He went on to unfold his belief that the honor which the world now bestows upon the memory of Mr. Lincoln is slight in comparison with that which future generations will render.

Incidents which serve to show the deepening veneration for all that pertains to Mr. Lincoln are of almost daily occurrence at the residence and at the tomb. On Labor day of this week the residence was thronged by those of the working classes who came from out of town to join in the demonstration. Last year between 50,000 and 60,000 people found the way to the outskirts of the city and looked through the grating upon the marble sarcophagus which once contained the body of the President.

It dawned on the state government several years ago that if the Lincoln tomb was not to become a ruin, thorough restoration must be undertaken. An appropriation of \$30,000 was made. Then arose a difference of opinion as to what was necessary. Altgeld was Governor. He wanted the old monument taken down and a new one built. His iconoclastic spirit would be satisfied with nothing less. Something of a wrangle ensued between the Governor and the other state officers to whom the work was intrusted. The time went by and the elements continued to work havoc without and within the pile. The Altgeld dynasty passed away. Almost as soon as the new administration came in, the state officers got together for the purpose of carrying into immediate execution the purpose of the legislative act. An examination showed that the law appropriated the money from the levy of the year in which the act passed. That levy was long ago exhausted. The late administration had no use for a surplus. The appropriation was as ineffective as if it had never been made. And so the mat-

ter is pending, to the shame of this great state. There isn't a citizen of Springfield but says it is outrageous. Those who come to visit the tomb as to a shrine erected to liberty go away filled with indignation at the sights. Another legislative session will not pass without some action, but it will be a reflection on Illinois that she had to be reminded of her duty to the memory of Lincoln.

This interest in what was Mr. Lincoln's and in where his bones are crumbling has forced attention. Provision to gratify it has not been volunteered, but granted under pressure. One might suppose that with such a number of visitors to the tomb there would be no difficulty in reaching it. Yet the car line by which the mile and more of distance from the business center is made does not run to the place, but stops in a park where refreshment stands, a dancing pavilion and the usual inducements to local patronage are conspicuous. From the end of the track a cinder path winds down the hill. There a dusty road is crossed. A gate admits to the cemetery. By a walk up the valley past the stone vault where the body was at first deposited, the way is over the slope where more people stood on that day when the nation mourned than have ever been gathered in the Illinois capital city since. The tomb, square and squat, a hollow stone tower rising from the center, is on the crest of a gentle slope with a reservation of nine or ten acres of sward and trees about it. On one side stands a neat stone house, the abode of the custodian. The grounds are well kept. The site is beautiful. Only the condition of the tomb prompts the feeling of regret. Lincoln belonged to the nation. His resting place should have been the nation's care, if his state can be so forgetful.

When Lincoln went to Washington he had a sale of the furniture of the Eighth street home. Most of the articles were bought by a well-to-do family named Tilton, who admired the President in such a way as to make what had belonged to him things to be treasured. When the troops passed through Springfield to the front they visited the house "where Uncle Abe had lived," and the Tiltons used to confer great favor permitting the boys in blue to sit down in the dining room and have a glass of milk off the table from which Mr. Lincoln had eaten so many times. But the Tiltons moved away to Chicago. They carried with them the furniture which had been in the Lincoln house, prizing it more than ever after his death. In 1871 came the Chicago fire, and with it went not only the Lincoln furniture, but the original document, which, if it was in existence now, would be preserved with the zeal that guards the Declaration of Independence—the Proclamation of Emancipation. The draft of the proclamation had been sent to Chicago to be exhibited for some purpose and was burned in that fire.

The house at Springfield remained the property of Mr. Lincoln until he died. Then it passed to his son Robert. As interest grew, it became difficult to rent the house because of the trouble the increasing numbers of visitors caused. At length Robert Lincoln yielded to the demands of public sentiment, and, taking the advice of his uncle, Judge Edwards, transferred the house to the state as an historical trust. The state accepted it, and provided a custodian at a modest salary to occupy the residence and to receive those who came to visit it. A Mr. Oldroyd was made custodian, and the selection had the merit of a certain kind of fitness. Mr. Oldroyd is a collector of Lincolniana. He began when Mr. Lincoln was a candidate for President, and when he was scarcely more than a boy. All of his life he has been adding to his collection. He has spent a great deal of money, even at times when he could not afford it. Anything and everything that could be connected with Mr.

Lincoln's personality, Mr. Oldroyd has gathered in. He has carried through his purpose without much judgment or discrimination, it must be admitted. The Oldroyd collection ranges from old hats to autograph letters. Not long ago the collector had a brisk lawsuit over the title to some article of cast-off apparel alleged to have been worn by Mr. Lincoln. These relics, which he had been nearly forty years in gathering, Mr. Oldroyd arranged in the Lincoln residence when he became custodian, and enough of the articles were of historic value to add much to the interest of a visit. It was a labor of love with the custodian to show relics and to give to all who came realistic and homely impressions to better the understanding of the character of Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Oldroyd fitted into the place as if it had been made for him. He had declared his purpose to leave his collection to the state to be preserved in the residence. It never occurred to those interested that the time could come when this custodianship of it would be treated as part of the spoils of patronage. But then it had never occurred to anybody that a man with so little regard for traditions and the fitness of things as John P. Altgeld would be Governor of Illinois. Oldroyd was removed summarily. When friends went to Altgeld to protest and to call his attention to the fact that with Oldroyd would go the Oldroyd collection, the irreverent executive said:

"No! It will be no trouble to get another Lincoln collection as good as Oldroyd's."

So the Governor appointed a political friend named Hoffercamp, or something like that, to be custodian of the Lincoln residence. Oldroyd moved his relics to Washington. The new custodian had a relative who kept a second-hand store. It wasn't many days until an old friend of the Lincoln family went into the house and saw Hoffercamp point out an ancient article of furniture and say to the group of visitors: "Yes, that is the table that Mr. Lincoln ate off three times a day."

Then followed four years of such custodianship as was never contemplated when the house was deeded to the state, and such as made the friends of Lincoln almost wish that flames would sweep away the house as they had the original Lincoln furniture. Hoffercamp thought the old house needed improving. One day he scraped off all of the wall paper in the room where Mr. Lincoln received the news of his election, the identical paper which was there at the time, and put on new paper which he congratulated himself and the state greatly improved the appearance. Only the retirement of Altgeld stayed the vandal hand of Hoffercamp. When the custodianship passed out of his possession, Hoffercamp had a sale of "Lincoln relics," and disappeared from view.

The new custodian of the residence is a son of Judge Edwards, and a nephew of Abraham Lincoln. The wife of Lincoln was a sister of the wife of Judge Edwards. It was in Judge Edwards' house that Mr. Lincoln did his courting. His wedding took place there. Moving to the Lincoln residence to take charge of it as custodian, Mr. Edwards brings the furniture which was his father's, and which is more closely associated with Mr. Lincoln than any other like articles in existence. The old hair-cloth sofa, large enough for more than two, is the one from which the awkward young lawyer stretched his legs while he "told the old, old story, the sweetest, dearest story ever told." The tablecloth which graced the table with royal linen for Mr. Lincoln's wedding supper, for Judge Edwards' father when Governor of Illinois bought it from Dom Pedro, is among these sure-enough relics. When the law office was disturbed by the election to the presidency, Judge Edwards took possession of and kept a bookcase which Mr. Lincoln had used, and that is now a part of the belongings. The choice

of the present custodian is happy in many ways. It has brought to live in the house the wife of Mr. Edwards, who, as a girl, was a next-door neighbor and almost a daily visitor of the Lincoln family until they moved to Washington, a bright, intelligent woman, whose memory is overflowing with those reminiscences which lighten up a visit to such a place.

"Except that a kitchen has been added," said Mrs. Edwards, "the house is just as Mr. Lincoln owned it. You will notice that the upper story has unusually high ceilings. When Mr. Lincoln got the place the house was only a story and a half. Mrs. Lincoln inherited some money from her father's estate in Kentucky. Mr. Lincoln wanted her to invest it in land. She wasn't willing to spend all of it in that way, and kept some. One time when he was to be away for some days she put the carpenters to work and had the roof raised so as to make a full second story. Mr. Lincoln got home after the work was finished. He went to that house over there on the other corner and asked the people if they could tell him what had become of his family. He said he had left a wife and children living in a little one-story house when he went away, and he could not find the place. He explained that he did not care for the house, but would like to get his family."

"According to one version of that story, Mrs. Lincoln came to the door while Mr. Lincoln was making these inquiries and told him to come in and not make a fool of himself," was suggested.

"That isn't so," said Mrs. Edwards quickly. "Mrs. Lincoln did not talk in that way. She was high-tempered, but has been much misrepresented. She would sometimes speak and act quickly and regret it the next moment. She was one of the kindest of mothers. I remember that a new clock was brought home. She told the children they must not touch it. A short time afterwards she went into the room and found that two of the boys had taken the clock to pieces. She whipped them, and then almost immediately was so sorry she had done so she told them to take the clock and do as they pleased with it."

—A. O. GARDNER, 1870, 1880

Lincoln Memorial Park

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, born in Kentucky, moved, when a small boy, with his parents to Indiana, and when Abraham was twenty-one they moved again to the tiny village of New Salem, Menard County, Illinois. Lincoln soon hired out to a man named Offut, to carry a flat-boat load of goods from New Salem to New Orleans by way of the Sangamon, Illinois, and Mississippi Rivers. Later he clerked in a store which Mr. Offut opened in New Salem. He next went into business for himself, and this was without profit. He improved every opportunity for study, and here he gained his first knowledge of the law by discovering a set of Blackstone in a barrel of trash which he had bought to accommodate a mover. He walked six miles to borrow a grammar.

He was appointed postmaster of New Salem when letter postage was twenty-five cents. There was little business, but the office brought him newspapers which at that time were full of exciting debates by Clay and Webster.

The life of this small village was short. The inhabitants moved to more prosperous parts of the country and the village of New Salem went off the map. Now it is back again. It is a town without an inhabitant. The State of Illinois has re-created it as a memorial park because it was, at one time, the home of Abraham Lincoln. Here is Offut's store where Lincoln clerked, though there are no goods on sale. Rutledge's Tavern offers a welcome but no food. The museum has many Lincoln relics.

The State of Illinois has thus preserved many happy memories of the days when Lincoln was beginning life for himself.

SALEM TRADITIONS.

Talks With the People Who Knew Abraham Lincoln in His Early Manhood.

The Fish-Fry in Politics—Abe's Breakfast at Uncle Johnny's—The Wrestling Match—Among the Girls—The Hog-Driving Story—How an Almanac Cleared Duff Armstrong.

Special Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

PETERSBURG, ILL., September 18.—One place in the United States remembered the "ninety-ninth anniversary of the adoption of the Constitution" and celebrated it. That place was Petersburg, the municipal successor to the old town of Salem, where Abraham Lincoln's early manhood was spent. The scene of the celebration was the Menard County Fair Grounds, in the midst of prosperous-looking farms, some of the hues of which were run by the great liberator fifty years ago, when he changed his vocation from that of a grocery clerk to a county surveyor.

The fish-fry is something comparatively new in politics. Gov. Tom Robinson, who came over from Springfield, and whose generous proportions and big white hat made him one of the most conspicuous figures on the grounds, was consulted. His memory on Illinois politics goes back far enough to make him an authority.

"Is this a revival of some old political custom?" he was asked.

"No," he said. "I think not. We used to have barbecues in the early times, but the fish-fry in connection with politics is a modern idea."

An old resident remembered that up in the Rock Creek section of Menard the fish-fry was an annual custom and had been for years, but there was no politics about it. It was held regularly for the benefit of their graveyard fund. The old resident's face was closely scrutinized for the evidences of a joke, but he maintained an expression which would have done credit to an undertaker, and this origin of the fish-fry had to be accepted.

LOAVES AND FISHES.

The Petersburg committee having decided to have a fish fry took no chances with experiments. They sent over to the Illinois River and secured the services of a professional fish-frier, who boasted of twenty years' experience in the business. He certainly showed that he knew what he was about. In a shed at the Fair Grounds he set up a rude furnace, simply two rows of bricks to hold his big pans above the fire. A wagon-load of cobs and pine wood was heaped up at one end of the furnace, and with a boy to feed the fire the fish-frier was ready for his work. The fish, sun, croppie, bass, and those twin aboriginals of the Illinois, the cat and the buffalo, cleaned, scraped and cut into quarter-pound rations, were brought in bushel baskets and dumped on a big table in front of the frier. Then the expert work began. With a seemingly reckless hand the frier poured two bushels of meal upon the boards, emptied a sack of salt upon the meal, and spread a couple of pounds of pepper over the whole. With arms bared to the elbows he thoroughly mixed the mess and then pulled down the fish, continuing to stir and stir until every piece was well covered with meal and seasoning. In the long string of pans the lad was beginning to smoke when the frier began dumping in the fish. Then with a long fork he moved from pan to pan, prodding and turning and overlooking sharply the work of his amateur fireman. The frier turned off his first batch at 10 o'clock, and for eight hours he kept his pans hot. One hundred pounds of cooked fish were ready every fifteen minutes, and at this rate the frier fired upwards of 3,000 pounds before sundown.

FEEDING THE MULTITUDE.

Outside of the shed was stretched a rope in a semicircle, and over this rope the indefatigable committee handed the loaves and fishes on wooden scoops, hour after hour.

Menard has been famous for the participation of the gentler sex in politics ever since "Abe" Lincoln one day in '31 or '35 told Mary Owens, going up the hill west of town, his poor opinion of "a political woman." Two hundred picnic parties spread their table-cloths under the trees. The ladies of the Harris, the McNelly, the Lanning and other first families of Petersburg set the example, and the matrons and belles from all the county came, bringing the products of pantry and oven. Even those wild and untamed Democrats, the Rock Creek boys, who

headed the procession and carried upon a big wagon a sky-scraping pole, with the inevitable "coon aloft," had a gaily decorated car filled to overflowing with their sweethearts. Indian Creek, Athens and the other townships sent their delegations, until the aggregate volume of sound from fife and drums became appalling.

After dinner the grand stand filled up and "the speaking" began. Gov. "Tom" Robinson leading and Congressman Springer, Mr. F. T. Old, the Democratic candidate for Public Instructor, and others, entertaining perhaps one-third of the crowd, while the other two-thirds strolled about the grounds and in various ways made the social feature of the occasion prominent.

It was while Congressman Springer was tearing the Republican party's record into shreds and scattering them all over the Menard Fair Grounds that Mr. Lanning, one of the prominent men of Petersburg, brought an old gentleman away from the crowd and said to him: "Uncle Johnny, here's a correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. He wants to see somebody who knew Mr. Lincoln when he lived here. You are just the one to talk to him."

ABE LINCOLN'S BREAKFAST.

And Uncle Johnny Potter, kindly-faced, with a snowed twinkle in his eye, a slight deafness, careful of his words, and with a recollection of detail that was marvelous, began to talk of things that happened in 1831.

"The first time I ever saw Abe Lincoln," he said, "was that summer. I was just starting in life myself on my place, below here, and had a log cabin. In front of the house was a tolerably low rail fence I had built, maybe five rails high. We had done breakfast a few minutes, when two young men came walking along the road. One of them was 'Abe.' A man named Offit was going to start a grocery at Salem. That was the town then, just up the river a couple of miles above where Petersburg is now. Offit had engaged 'Abe' to clerk for him, and Abe was walking up to go to work in the store. He had slept that night at Clary's Grove, and when he and the young men with him got along to my place they wanted to know if they could get a bite to eat. The old woman fixed them up something, the things were on the table, and they had their breakfast. When they got through they came out, and 'Abe' straddled over that five-rail fence as if it wasn't in the way at all. I expect he would have gone over just as easy if it had been higher, for he had powerful long legs. When he got out to the road he turned and looked back at the table, and said: 'There's only one egg left; I believe I'd better make a clean thing of it.' So he straddled the fence again, got the egg and went off—laughing like a boy, stuffing the egg from one hand to the other and then peeling and eating it. That was the first time I saw Abe, but I saw a good deal of him afterwards, for Salem was where we all went to do our trading."

THE FAMOUS WRESTLING MATCH.

"Uncle Johnny, tell him about the wrestling match with father," said a sturdy, middle-aged man with a pleasant face. "You remember all about that."

The speaker was Jack Armstrong, the son of the famous Jack Armstrong, who was the champion in all athletic sports in this valley of the Sangamon fifty years ago.

"I remember it," said Uncle Johnny. "Your father was considered the best man in all this country for a scuffle. In a wrestle, shoulder or back holds, there was now and then a man he couldn't get away with. When Lincoln came into this country there was a crowd called the Clary Grove boys, who pretty much had their way, and Jack Armstrong was the leader among them. Most every now and then who came into the neighborhood had to be tried. Lincoln was pretty stout and the boys made it up to see what there was in him. They got him to talking about wrestling one day, and he said he could throw any man around there. Bill Clary kept at Lincoln until he got him into a bet of \$5. Then he put Jack Armstrong against him. They were pretty well matched, but Abe was a good deal taller and could bend over Jack. They wrestled a good while, and I think Abe had thrown Jack two joints, and was likely to get him down. Clary, I expect, thought he was in danger of losing his money, for he called out: 'Throw him any way, Jack.' At that Jack loosed his back hold and grabbed Abe by the thigh and threw him in a second. Abe got up pretty mad. He didn't say much, but he told somebody that if it ever came right, he would give Bill Clary a good licking. You see the hold Jack took was fair in a scuffle, but not in a wrestle, and they were wrestling. After that Abe was considered one of the Clary's Grove boys. I believe they called him President of their club. Abe and Jack got to be great friends and Abe used to stay at Jack's house."

SURVEYOR AND RAIL-SPLITTER.

"Yes," said the Jack Armstrong whom the Petersburg of to-day knows, "I've heard mother tell many times how she foxed Mr. Lincoln's pants when he got to be Surveyor. You see the cloth wouldn't last no time out in

and private eye. They will reach St. Louis at 8 o'clock Monday night, and will have headquarters at 118 Chouteau avenue.

PARSONS, KAN., September 18.—A special train of five cars left here at 3:30 p. m. today for the Knights Templar convolve at St. Louis. They were accompanied by the Com de Leon Band, of this city, consisting of eighteen pieces, which is now the best band in the state. There were also a very large number of other citizens of Parsons who accompanied the Sir Knights, and will be in attendance upon the convolve.

VICKSBURG, MISS., September 19.—The special train from New Orleans of sleepers and day coaches, with the delegations of Knights Templar, on their way to St. Louis, arrived at 5:30 p. m. The Knights were escorted to the Masonic Temple, where they were entertained with a fine banquet and ball for about an hour. During the banquet a number of ladies who accompanied the Knights enjoyed themselves riding around the city. After leaving the train at this point at 7:35 it left with seven sleepers and two day coaches containing 200 persons.

DECATUR, ILL., September 19.—The Decatur Knights Templar Commandery completed all arrangements yesterday for their excursion train to St. Louis, where they will arrive Monday evening about seventy-five strong, with about twenty ladies. The train out of Decatur will comprise twelve coaches, and the party will include Goodman's Band, of Decatur, and the commanderies from Lincoln and Keokuk, the latter accompanied by Spencer's Band. The Decatur Knights will stop at the residence of J. H. Monroe, 1706 Olive street. Decatur people generally will attend the convolve festivities.

QUINCY, ILL., September 19.—The advance guard of El Alsa Commandery, Knights Templar, left for St. Louis last night to take charge of the Woman's Exchange building, which they have leased as headquarters for the week, and where El Alsa will royally entertain their visitors. The full commandery will leave here at noon to-morrow, fifty Sir Knights strong. Eminent Commander Sir Knight Thomas Austin in command. They go via the St. Louis, Keokuk and Northwestern road in special coaches, accompanied by Casswell's celebrated band. The Delta Commandery, of Clayton, Ill., thirty-five strong, will go on the same train.

HANNIBAL, MO., September 19.—The steamer Pittsburg passed down at 4 o'clock, crowded, bearing commanderies from Rock Island, Dubuque and Burlington, and accompanied by a band. On the regular passenger train to-night will be Excalibur Commandery, No. 5, of Hannibal, Dr. Joseph C. Hearne, Eminent Commander, twenty-five men; Cedar Bluffs Commandery, No. 14, of Brookfield, thirty men, J. H. Brown, Generalissimo, in command; Paisford Commandery, No. 44, Paris, thirty men, Judge Theodore Bruce, Eminent Commander. Two extra coaches and a sleeper will be added to the train. The Nebraska commanderies will pass through in the morning on a special train composed of ten cars.

CAIRO, ILL., September 19.—The City of New Orleans left here at 2 p. m. with Cairo Commandery aboard, the party numbering 150 people. She steamed away from port amid the deafening whistles of everything afloat in the harbor, while from her various flag-staffs handsome flags with Masonic emblems floated to the breeze. The cabin was handsomely decorated, and will be the headquarters of the commandery during the convolve. The Hudson with the Evansville Commandery had not put in appearance up to 10 p. m., but will probably pass up during the night. The John Gilbert passed to St. Louis at 5 p. m., having the Metropolis Commandery aboard. The W. F. Nisbet arrived at 10 p. m. and reports meeting the City of New Orleans at Goose Island, going up the river, with her starboard guard torn off back to the cook-house. She was all right when she passed here and must have picked up a snag above.

Activity at the Hotels.

The bustle and confusion which prevailed at the various hotels yesterday was enough to demoralize the most accommodating of clerks and porters. At the Southern, St. Bernard Commandery, No. 35, of Chicago, has its headquarters in the gent's parlor. They number upwards of 150 swords, but with the ladies and accompanying friends they arrived in a force of over 200. In room 81, on the same floor, Met Eminent Robt. E. Withers, Grand Master of the Grand Campment of the United States, has his headquarters. The Grand Master was very much indisposed, the fatigue of the journey having aggravated his indisposition. It was therefore thought necessary to keep him as quiet as possible, hoping that to-day he would be able to be out. Sir Knight J. W. Lambert, of Ascalon Commandery, and a personal friend of the Grand Master, was kindly waiting in attendance on him. California Commandery, No. 1, and the Grand Commandery, have almost the entire first floor of the Southern, with headquarters in room 61. At the St. James the Sacramento Commandery, No. 2, was located. They were accompanied by 200 Sir Knights, making in all about 1,000

"He went about a good deal of the time without any hat," she said. "His hair was long. His yellow tow-linen pants he usually wore rolled up one leg and down the other. Many years afterward, when he was a candidate for the Presidency, the recollection of how he looked in Salem would come up and make me laugh in spite of myself."

"I don't think Mr. Lincoln was overindustrious," Mrs. Hill continued. "My husband kept the principal store in Salem, and we lived in a little house close by. We had no cellar, and Mr. Hill cut a door in the rear so that I used the store cellar. The store was a great gathering place for all the neighborhood. When I would be in the cellar churning, or attending to some household matter, I could almost always hear Mr. Lincoln's voice and the crowd laughing. In front of the store was a kind of shed or porch where the people collected in warm weather. I could generally see Mr. Lincoln about when I looked out. He didn't do much. His living and his clothes cost little. He liked company, and would talk to everybody, and entertain them and himself."

ANN RUTLEDGE AND MARY OWENS.

The conversation turned upon Mr. Lincoln's early love affairs, and Mrs. Hill was asked about the story of Ann Rutledge, over whose death his mind, it was claimed, became unhinged.

"Lincoln," said Mrs. Hill, "visited at the Rutledges, and he may have thought a good deal of Ann. She died of consumption, and after her death there was a long rainy spell. Some of Lincoln's friends at that time thought he was a little unbalanced, or at any rate they were afraid he would become so. I never thought he was so deeply interested in Ann Rutledge, for it wasn't very long after she died until he was courting Mary Owens. Mary came from Kentucky to visit her sister, Betsy Ables, who was Bennett Ables' wife. They lived near Salem. Lincoln was at Bennett Ables' a good deal, and Betsy, who was a great talker, and sometimes said more than she ought, perhaps had told Lincoln she was going to bring her sister up from Kentucky to marry him. When Mary arrived Lincoln told some one he was intimate with that so supposed Mrs. Ables' sister had come up to catch him, but he'd show her a thing or two. This friend of Lincoln's was also a great friend of the Ables family, and it wasn't long until Mary heard just what Lincoln had said. Then she said she would teach him a lesson, and she did, too. I don't think they ever became really engaged, for Mary was a woman of too much character to go as far as that, and I don't think she ever got very much in earnest. She told me once that she didn't. But Mr. Lincoln thought a great deal of her, I expect. He used to write to her long after he went to Springfield. She finally moved to Weston, in Platte County, Mo., and became the wife of a Mr. Vineyard. Mr. Ben Vineyard, the lawyer in St. Joseph, is a son of hers."

MR. LINCOLN'S INFIDEL VIEWS.

There is a story told by one of the old settlers that during the years in Salem the future President became so thimbered with infidelity that he wrote an elaborate article on the Bible attempting to show that it was unworthy of belief. The narrator goes on to say that Mr. Lincoln submitted this essay to Mr. Hill, the principal store-keeper at Salem, and asked his opinion as to the advisability of printing it, and that Mr. Hill's criticism was, "Look here, Abe, the best thing you can do is to burn that, and not tell anybody you ever wrote it." The advice was followed, so the story went.

Mrs. Hill was asked about this, and she replied: "Lincoln wrote something on the subject of religion, which he intended for a pamphlet, and he brought it into the store, which was a great gathering-place, and read it out to the crowd. When he got through, Mr. Hill took it out of his hand and threw it into the fire. I think that is the way I heard that it occurred."

The suggestion that possibly Lincoln might have taken the unbeliever's side of the controversy just for argument's sake, brought out from Mrs. Hill an interesting reminiscence. Said she: "I remember once saying to him, 'Mr. Lincoln, do you really believe there isn't any future state?' and he said, 'Mrs. Hill, I'm afraid there isn't. It isn't a pleasant thing to think that when we die that is the last of us.' That was the answer he made. I think that when he lived in Salem he really believed in this way. Afterwards, when he lived in Springfield, got married and was settled in life, he may have come to look on religious matters differently. Probably he did."

THE HOG STORY.

Current in the Salem traditions is the story that Lincoln on one occasion had some hogs to drive across a bridge. He could do nothing with them until he caught several and sewed up their eyes. These he started over the bridge, and the rest of the drove followed.

"I guess that it is true," said Mrs. Hill, with a merry laugh. "Perhaps Lincoln didn't really do the sewing, but only made the suggestion. You know we hadn't many bridges in those days, and we had to drive the hogs

across the country to the Illinois River. Bridges were something the hogs weren't used to. I have heard that Lincoln proposed the sewing, and that it was really done. Years afterwards, when Lincoln became prominent, this story was told here on him. I think old Mr. Smoot started it. Some of Lincoln's friends, who hadn't lived here in early times, were indignant. One of the Killians, I think it was, went down to Springfield to see about the story and get a contradiction. Mr. Lincoln listened to him, and said: "Sh-sh, don't say another word about it. That thing took place right on old man Smoot's place!" So I judge it must have been a true story."

LINCOLN'S BOGUS ALMANAC.

Duff Armstrong, the defendant in the celebrated murder trial in which Mr. Lincoln scored a great legal triumph at Beardstown, is one of the notable characters at Petersburg. The fatal affray occurred at a camp-meeting. Press Metzgar became involved in a quarrel, and received a beating, from the effects of which he died. One of the assailants was sent to the Penitentiary for eight years. Duff was under indictment, and feeling was quite strong against him. He was a son of Jack Armstrong, who had been Lincoln's great enemy in early times. Jack was dead, but "old Hannah," his wife, on her affliction, wrote to Mr. Lincoln, who had then been living in Springfield many years. In reply came prompt instructions to take the case on a change of venue to Beardstown, and to rely on him for the defense. In 1858 the trial occurred. That was a year and a half or so after the trouble at the camp-meeting. Mr. Lincoln conducted the case with great care, cross-examining the witnesses closely. There were one or two men who claimed to have seen the fight, and they described most minutely all the circumstances. They said that Armstrong gave the fatal blow, and that he used a slung shot. Mr. Lincoln pressed them to know how they could testify so positively, and they said that there was nearly a full moon, and that it was as high as the sun is at 10 o'clock in the morning; this moon shining down upon the combatants made every movement plain.

When it came Mr. Lincoln's turn to present the defense, he put into the hands of the jury an almanac, and asked them to see for themselves what kind of a night it was. The jurors looked and saw that there was no moon at all. Court, lawyers, witnesses, and all except Mr. Lincoln, were thunderstruck. This evidence was followed by a speech, in which Mr. Lincoln made the most of the almanac. The prosecution couldn't rally from the impeachment of its witnesses. Armstrong was acquitted.

After the trial there was a good deal of talk. The defendant's friends were not the least puzzled, for some of them remembered positively that there was a moon that night. There was consultation of old almanacs, and it was found that the general recollection was correct; the affray had taken place on a moonlight night. Then the almanac which Mr. Lincoln had used was in request; it could not be found. There is no doubt in the minds of Petersburg people that Mr. Lincoln's almanac was not genuine. Some hold that it was gotten up for the occasion. Others think that for the proper almanac Mr. Lincoln substituted one of the previous year, and that the error in date was overlooked in the confusion caused by such startling evidence. Now and then a warm admirer of Mr. Lincoln has urged that the lawyer himself was not aware that he was palming off on the Court the wrong almanac. This is the most charitable construction put upon the incident, but it requires a greater amount of faith than the average man possesses.

Duff Armstrong said to the writer quite warmly: "It's all nonsense to talk about Mr. Lincoln having had that almanac made for the occasion. I recollect he called for an almanac, and there was none in the courtroom. Then he sent my cousin Jake out to get one, and he went out and got the book that was shown to the jury. The almanac was all right."

"Lincoln made a speech to the jury," said Duff, "in which he told them how he had held me when I was a baby while mother got his meals for him. He told mother he wouldn't charge a cent for defending me, and he never did. He was a mighty smart man, and a good one, too."

While Duff Armstrong lives there will be one man in Petersburg to defend Mr. Lincoln's memory upon the almanac episode.

W. B. S.

New Salem of Abraham Lincoln

How the Future President Clerked in a Store and Whipped a Bully

By J. T. FARIS

ATALL, awkward young man lived, during the winter of 1830 and 1831, near Decatur, Illinois. After a spell as a farm worker and a rail splitter, he was employed to accompany two other men with a flatboat from Beardstown to New Orleans. He was under contract to meet his employer, Daniel Offut, at Springfield, in early spring. But the spring rains were heavy, and travel by land was therefore impossible. So the young man rowed down the Sangamon River to Springfield. There Offut told him that he had not yet secured a flatboat, and hired him, with his companion, to build the needed craft.

The work was done at Sangamontown, a little community that disappeared long ago. And the most dependable of the boat builders was the young man, Abraham Lincoln.

After four weeks of steady work the boat was ready, and the long voyage was begun—on April 1, 1831. The journey was just begun when the mill dam at New Salem interposed objections to progress. On this the boat stuck for nearly twenty-four hours. During this time the entire village turned out, and jeered and encouraged by turns the men who were trying to get the boat off. Young Lincoln was not disturbed. With perfect unconsciousness of his would-be tormentors on the bank, he worked out an ingenious plan, and succeeded in getting the boat over the dam.

Offut, who watched the performance, was so taken with Lincoln that, when the voyage was over, he asked him to become his clerk in a store and mill at New Salem, which he proposed to open. The period of employment began in July, 1831.

Ida Tarbell has described vividly the little community in which the future President found himself:

'New Salem, founded in 1829 by James Rutledge and John Cameron, and a dozen years later a deserted village, is rescued from oblivion only by the fact that Abraham Lincoln was once one of its inhabitants. The town never contained more than fifteen houses, all of them built of logs, but it had an energetic population of perhaps one hundred persons, among whom was a blacksmith, a tinner, a hatter, a schoolmaster, and a preacher. New Salem boasted a gristmill, a sawmill, two stores, and a tavern, but the day of hope was short. In 1837 it began to decline, and by 1840 Petersburg, two miles down the river, had absorbed the business and population. Salem hill is now only a green cow pasture.'

Offut's store at New Salem soon became a popular loafing place, largely because the

clerk, Lincoln, had such a wonderful fund of stories, which he was always ready to tell. When it was discovered that he was as good a fighter as a story-teller, enthusiasm for him was unbounded. He won his spurs when he was victor in a contest, not of his own seeking, with the chief bully of the notorious gang from Clary's Grove, a settlement

visit to the Sangamon of the Steamer *Talisman*, from Cincinnati, which ascended the river from Beardstown to Springfield. Lincoln himself was the pilot of the boat, which was thought to be the forerunner of a line of boats that would bring prosperity to all the towns—and many towns to be laid out—along the river.

But in spite of proof of the contention of the candidate that the river was navigable, the clerk from Offut's store was defeated,

although his own district voted for him almost solidly. This was the only time he was ever defeated by the direct vote of the people, he afterward proudly said.

The campaign whose issue was so unsatisfactory to Lincoln was interrupted by the call of the governor of Illinois for troops to go out on the trail of Black Hawk, the Indian chief, who had repudiated a treaty giving the lands of his tribe to the government.

He had taken the warpath, was terrorizing the people of Northern Illinois, and was threatening further devastation. Lincoln

volunteered for service, and, while the company of which he was a member was trailing to the Illinois River, he was chosen captain.

Lincoln and his men had no part in the conflict, though they marched to the northern part of the state.

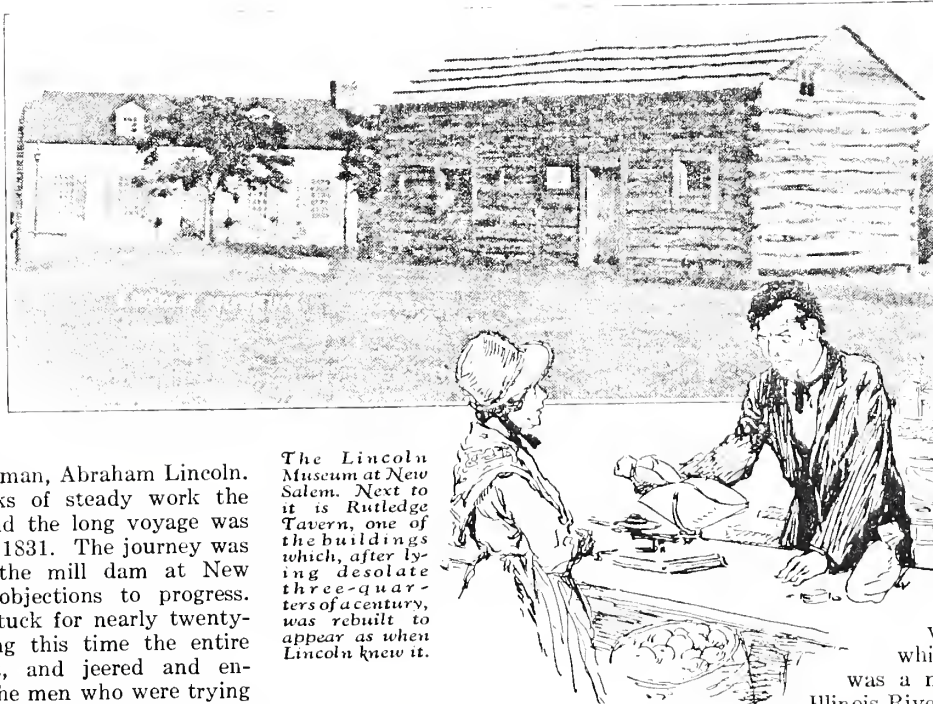
A term as postmaster and a season as surveyor helped to vary the experiences of the ambitious young man. And it was testified of him that whatever he did, he did well. His records were kept properly, and his lines did not have to be run over.

The next attempt for the legislature was successful, and in 1834 Lincoln went from New Salem to Candalia. By this time he was not so much interested in the navigation of the Sangamon as in measures to provide canals for the state. His service was creditable, but not spectacular.

In 1835, when Lincoln returned to New Salem, he resumed his duties as postmaster and deputy surveyor. He also resolved to study law with greater energy.

A second term in the assembly, the completion of his law studies, his admission to the bar, were events of the later residence in New Salem. And at length, in 1836, he moved to Springfield, where the capital of Illinois had been moved from Candalia, and began the practice of law.

Students of history have sought out the site of the little town where he kept store, and at length have succeeded in setting apart the site as a state park.



The Lincoln Museum at New Salem. Next to it is Rutledge Tavern, one of the buildings which, after lying desolate three-quarters of a century, was rebuilt to appear as when Lincoln knew it.

nearby. The victory was won in spite of the bully's attempt to 'foul,' and Lincoln's ability won plaudits of foes and friends.

One of Lincoln's biographers has told how he used his prowess for decency and order. Sometimes he found visitors to the store who annoyed women and children. When they refused to behave when told to do so, the mighty clerk thrashed them well, and so enforced the law. Once he asked a man to stop swearing in the presence of women. When the man persisted, and later abused him, Lincoln said, 'Well, if you must be whipped, I suppose I might as well whip you now as any other time.' The victory over the foul-mouthed man was as complete as over the bully.

The stay in Offut's store was notable also for the famous stories illustrating Lincoln's honesty and integrity, as well as for the records of his studious habits. He studied grammar, and he studied public speaking. The village schoolmaster aided him whenever possible, and the cooper made him free of his shop at night. By the light of a fire of shavings many books were read.

The people were interested in him and his progress, and they were most sympathetic when, in 1832, he announced that he would be a candidate for the general assembly.

The chief event of the campaign was the

A Girl of New Salem

BY FREDERICK HALL

One important fact stands out about her: mention that and everyone recalls her name. But beyond that one fact it is astonishing how little is really known of her.

She came of good stock. She had light hair—some called it red. Her father's name was James; she had a brother called David; her sister's names were Nancy, Margaret, and Sarah. She planned to go away to school (we know to what school,) but she never went. She was stricken with fever and on August 25, 1835, at the age of twenty-two, she died.

In poetry, in fiction, and in the movies she has been made to live. She has a hallowed, slender niche in our history, though no authentic portrait of her survives, nor, in spite of diligent search, has a single specimen of her handwriting been discovered. Never in her short life did she do anything notable. She lives solely because of what she was, because of qualities of character which her friends—and one friend in particular—recognized in her. She would probably have been appalled could she have foreseen that friend's future. "Who am I," she

would have asked, "to give ideals to him?" Yet she did give him ideals, as many another humble girl has given ideals to young manhood—and will continue to do through years to come.

She was engaged to a man known as McNeil (his real name was McNamar;) later she sought release from him and was engaged (or not engaged—this is not quite certain) to another. When she lay sick, they sent for him, and alone together the two talked for an hour. What they said, no one knows.

When she died, friends feared for his life and he himself feared what he might do to himself. But he lived on and did his work and in him lived her ennobling influence. How great it was, no one can tell, but a poet, conjecturing, has written these lines:

"Out of me unworthy and unknown
The vibration of deathless music:
'With malice toward none, with charity
for all.'
Out of me the forgiveness of millions
toward millions,
And the beneficent face of a nation
Shining with justice and truth.
I am Ann Rutledge, who sleep beneath
these weeds,
Beloved in life of Abraham Lincoln,
Wedded to him not through union,
But through separation.
Bloom forever, O Republic,
From the dust of my bosom."

C I D C Personnel Changes



What to Do On a Weekend



Lincoln Still Lives in New Salem



THE six years Abraham Lincoln spent in New Salem, Ill., are considered to have been the most formative of his life. For here, in pioneer Illinois, he grew from a strong, gangling youth to a leader of men.

Weekend travelers have a treat in Lincoln lore awaiting them in the authentic reproduction of New Salem just 20 miles northwest of Springfield. The village is open all year around to visitors, but the summer months afford the greatest opportunity in the land where Lincoln still lives. For in the midst of this shrine "Forever This Land" is being staged.

A symphonic drama of Lincoln and New Salem, it is being presented nightly, except Mondays in Kelson Hollow theater. Written by Kermitt Hunter, the production combines folk music with humor and pathos, tragedy and triumph as it depicts the life and times of New Salem from 1829.

The outdoor theater in Kelson Hollow seats nearly 3,000 spectators with 1,200 reserved seats. Advance ticket reservations, overnight lodging and general information may be obtained by writing "Forever This Land," Petersburg, Ill.

ABOVE—Abe Lincoln (Harlington Wood Jr.) and Ann Rutledge (Billie Lou Brummell) in Denton Offut's store.

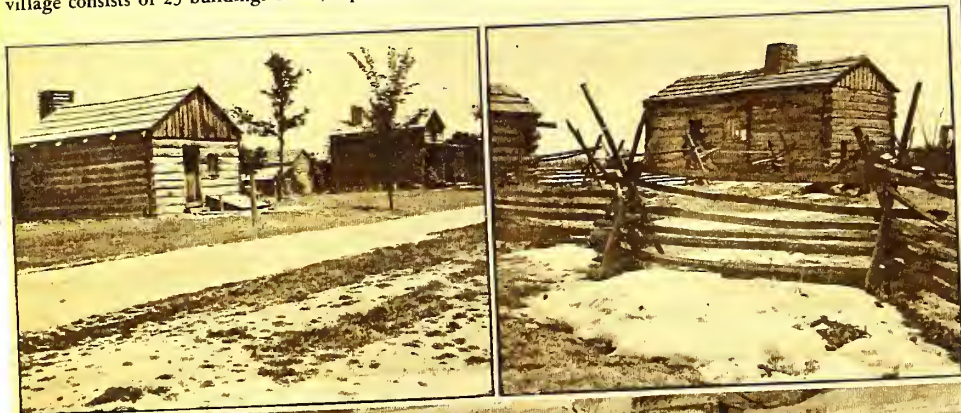


THE story concerns the forces that played upon the mind and heart of Lincoln. Into his life there came Jack Kelso and his wife; Henry Onstott; Mrs. Jack Armstrong (shown in the Kelso home at left); Peter

Cartwright (center) and his determination to conquer sin and build a strong moral character in frontier life, and Dr. John Allen, Mrs. Joshua Miller and Mentor Graham, who helped educate the young backwoodsman.



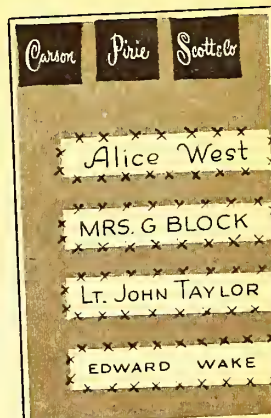
THIS is New Salem as it looks today and as it probably looked in Lincoln's time. The authentically restored village consists of 23 buildings in all, reproduced and furnished as they were in the 1830s.



Lincoln, as a state legislator, passes through deserted New Salem village in 1840—another scene from the stirring drama.



IN a room which was the family portion of Rutledge tavern, an inn not a saloon, Lincoln discourses with his friends during one of the play's scenes.



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1831

LINCOLN						
1831						
15 Feb. 1830, the Lincoln leave Ind. for Ill. S.I.p.103.						
Winter of the Big Snow. S.I.p.107.						
JAN.	*Whips Dan. Needham. S.I-108					
FEB.	Denton Offutt comes to neighborhood of John Hanks, where Abraham Lincoln was lingering. S. I-108.					
MAR.	SECOND WISE. WIFE. S.I-143	S.I-109	Building the flat-boat			
	About the 1st, L. and John Hanks go by canoe to Judge's Ferry near Spt.	Incident	rescue			
APR.	Preparations for trip	The start on the New Salem dam	10th boat strikes	Memphis		
			Hanks left part at St. Louis	Vicksburg		
MAY	At New Orleans S. I-152	Lincoln, Denton Offutt, and John D. Johnston spend month in New Orleans				
JUNE	By steamer to St. Louis. Lincoln works his way. S.I-111.	Lincoln and Johnston go overland to Coles Co. Ill.	*Lincoln	Lincoln		
			white Dan. Needham	swends month in Coles Co.		
JULY	Visiting his father and step-mother. Sarah S. Johnston	Starts for New Salem. S.I-108				
			Failed. S. I-151	By canoe S.I-152		
AUG.	*In Aug. he left his father's home for the last time. S.I-152 S.I-134					
	Aug. 1, 1831, Lincoln assists at New Salem election. S. I-152					
SEPT.	Denton Offutt purchases site for store, which he and Lincoln erect. S. I-154		Wrestling match with Jack Armstrong			
OCT.	Clarkins for Offutt. Pilot heard town for Dr. Nelson Bill Criss, fellow clerk. S.I-135					
	L. boards with Camerone. S.I-141					
NOV.	Studies Kirkham's Grammar. S. I-139					
DEC.	S.					

